

# COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS ALICE HUGHES

52, Gower Street.

LADY MARGARET ORR EWING AND BABY.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## POACHERS: OLD . . . STYLE AND NEW

NOW that stag hunting has begun on Exmoor, and the Twelfth has come and gone, the period of anticipation and guessing and calculating about the season's sport has come to an end, or rather to the beginning of the end, since the enjoyment of the majority must depend more on partridge and pheasant than on grouse and deer. Some relation of Mrs. Malaprop once called this a versatile kind of a country, and the consolation of the sportsman is that, however bad the general reports may be, there is always a chance of his bit of ground proving an exception; indeed, the experienced and wary campaigner does not greatly heed reports of any kind. He is very well aware that they proceed for the most part from interested parties. Very few people know what condition the game on a moor is in till they have shot over it. Most likely the owner himself is away (why should he be near it before the Twelfth?), and his information is at second hand. The resident agent may or may not know something about it, but the chances are that the "will to believe" is strong in his mind, and he is ready to be sanguine. Keepers usually are well aware of the facts, but they have many temptations to manipulate them, and you can scarcely convict a keeper of lying. Suppose the

expected birds are not there, it is always open to him to give a hundred reasons, or, as a last resource, to fall back on the poachers. Of course they swept the ground the night before the shoot, and the wise host not only accepts the excuse, but makes the most of it, in order to secure peace of mind among his guests. And this is a case wherein the known facts lend an air of veracity to those which are imagined. Few men can have shot much without it happening to them that scarcely a bird was raised from a covert wherein they were plentiful the day before, wherein they were actually seen, for where poaching prevails it is precisely on such a spot that a raid is most worth making.

Within the last few years there appears to have been a slight revival of the illegitimate forms of sport. The gentleman who glories in "a shiny night at the season of the year" no doubt feels that his endeavours are facilitated by the sparsity of the population. Mostly this favours him in the way of permitting observations to be taken. Generally he is a stranger to the scene, because the old village poacher, whom we all half liked, is almost extinct. Often, indeed, he had the instinct of a genuine sportsman, and took to hunting naturally as primitive man might. And he had some consideration, too. The writer has a lively recollection of such a poacher. Once he was called upon as a witness in a case of fire-raising, and in the course of examination was asked how he happened to see the affair—what was he doing? "Following my vocation," he answered, quite seriously, though many an eye in court twinkled at the thought of what it was he called his "vocation." He had a little brindled terrier bitch called Nell, and in going his rounds, either to look at the casual snare in the long grass or to ferret rabbits in the plantation, he acted quite as if he had an interest in the land, shut the gates behind him, drove any stray sheep he happened on to pasture, occasionally mended a fence where it had been broken down, and had quite as much care as the owner for the young trees on the estate. One of the most amusing examples of his assurance was furnished by the parson, one of the rare old sort, who had a tolerant eye for the heathen of his parish, and made his most effectual appeal to them by ceaseless acts of kindness. So when the poacher fell ill he did not go to him with a Bible, but a plate of soup, in his hand, and indeed there was no need for him to carry a book, for the Master's teaching was part of his very being. He listened indulgently and not without sympathy and understanding to the inveterate old sinner, and fed and made much of him. Little did the poacher say, but when he got well he slipped up to the rectory with bulging pockets, and flinging a hare and a brace of pheasants down before the astonished clergyman, "That's for 'ee," he said, "because 'ee was gud to me when I was bad."

As long as that type of poacher lasted it was impossible to be seriously angry with him. We have known the squire, who was a kindly, whimsical old gentleman, inflict a heavy fine upon him in the morning when he sat on the bench and the poacher came up for judgment, and in the evening go over to the cottage with a world of good advice on his lips and a ten-pound note or whatever the amount of the fine was in his pocket. Indeed, so much was made of the poacher at the hall that the game-keeper, understanding the futility of capturing him, used instead to belabour him soundly with an ash sapling whenever he was caught. If this type of poacher has not altogether vanished out of existence, we know not where he is to be found, save in the valley and estuary of the Tweed. The salmon poachers there are perfectly convinced of the naturalness of their pastime, and the fact that a man has suffered fine and imprisonment for "stickin' troots" or leistering salmon would not, in the opinion of his peers, be regarded as a reason for his exclusion from such a post as elder of the kirk. The poacher of to-day is very different. He is seldom in any respect a sportsman or a character, but usually a loafer in the purlieu of some small town, intent only on "making a bit for himself." In other words, he is actuated by exactly the same motives as those that inspire a gipsy to rob a hen-coop. The actual argument as to whether wild creatures can become private property or not does not concern him, and as he has nothing to do with agriculture the farmer's complaint comes with an ill grace from his lips. Not to mince words, he is to all intents and purposes a thief pure and simple, and not in the slightest degree entitled to the kindness and consideration extended to those who occasionally infringe the letter of the law through being led away by a natural and not blameworthy primitive instinct.

## Our Portrait Illustrations.

LADY MARGARET ORR EWING, whose portrait, with that of her little daughter, we show on our front page to-day, is the sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, and the widow of Major James Alexander Orr Ewing. Lady Margaret's town house is 9, Hill Street, Berkeley Square. On another page appears a portrait of Alethea, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere.





ON Tuesday, with all appropriate pomp and ceremony, the remains of the Empress Frederick were committed to the earth. Her own wish was in favour of restraining the display of grief, and save that the flags were hoisted half-mast high, no general sign of affliction was visible in Potsdam, though windows were closed on the funeral route, and all due observances paid to the memory of the dead. So ends an almost silent and yet a fine career. The late Empress, in an unobtrusive and yet strong manner, filled a great place in the world, and it is not too much to say that she was a worthy daughter of Queen Victoria. Women especially owe her a debt of gratitude, because from the first she set her face against being the mere house-dame that was the allotted fate of her sex in Germany, and a habit of carrying her convictions into action and speaking what she thought, though it did not always conduce to her happiness when alive, is a title to respect now that she has passed away.

King Edward, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, naturally held a chief place at the funeral rites of his eldest sister. This year has been a momentous one in his history. It began with the loss of his mother, and now, ere the autumn colours have arrived, he has had to assist at the funeral of Queen Victoria's eldest child. It must be admitted, however, that private sorrow has not been allowed to interfere much with anything that had a national bearing. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, for instance, have been permitted to continue their tour. No good would have been accomplished by recalling them, and the King is wise to proceed on the unselfish principle of allowing private events to interfere as little as possible with Imperial concerns.

Signor Crispi, the ex-Premier of Italy, died on Sunday night after a long illness, which was sufficient to allow of the ever-fickle public to some extent forgetting the very prominent place held once by the Italian statesman in European politics. His career was an extremely interesting one. He was born at Ribera in Sicily in 1819, and began life as an advocate in Naples. At that time, like Disraeli in his hot youth, he was an ardent Republican, and belonged to the Society of the Carbonari, and was implicated in many conspiracies characteristic of the forties. In 1860 he was a volunteer in the army of Garibaldi, and the year following was returned to the Parliament of United Italy as a representative of Palermo. Here his talents soon began to tell, and before long he was one of the most conspicuous figures of his day. His methods to some extent resembled those of him whom they call his master, Prince Bismarck, and the caricaturists often showed the two together. He was three times married, and the last two wives were both living at the same time, a fact less to his discredit because of the confusion between legal and religious marriages in Italy. This, however, afforded a peg on which to hang many pleasantries which were not always very good-natured.

Lord Kitchener's latest proclamation ought to be one of the most effective forms of peace propagandum. It is true that a great percentage of Boers and others in the field are landless men, and probably desperadoes, to whom no appeal short of force can be made; but the minority, and they are the men that lead, so far as there is any leadership, will be very strongly moved by the threat of expulsion. The Boer is a very "homely" person. He has a cat-like affection for his own homestead and country. Perhaps no threat could strike him more forcibly than this. The moneyless men, too, will not be affected by the notice that they will be expected to contribute towards the support of their own families; but there is a sprinkling, even among those that still are left fighting, of men who are by no means moneyless; and next to his home, perhaps that which the Boer loves best is his money-bag. The idea that he will not be able to fight on the present economical terms any longer, an unkind British Government no further undertaking the whole support of the rich man's family, will make him think seriously that it is time for the war to end.

With the recent accounts of a new discovery of gold on the Rand—a discovery of continuance of the "banket" formation at an unexpectedly workable depth—together with the comparatively newly-found "banket" reef in West Africa, one begins to ask oneself what the world is to do with the volume of gold that is shortly to be poured in upon it in addition to the old supplies. Is it going to alter our measures of value appreciably, or is it to be without practical effect? Our appetite for gold is good, and we seldom find it satiated. Nevertheless, it seems as if somewhere there must be a limit to the world's needs, and as if some day we were bound to reach it, judging by the present rate of progress. The prospecting for the new line from the Cape to Johannesburg seems to have been very successful. Easier gradients and a saving of at least one-third in distance mean a very considerable difference. Naturally the line cannot compete in point of time, directness, and distance with the Delagoa Bay line for the purposes of reaching the coast, but the saving that the new line will effect must be great for all that.

The reports from the moors show that in the majority of districts grouse shooting opened under happy omens. The day, though not perfect, was moderately fine all over, though broken here and there with showers. But everywhere the birds appear to have been numerous, healthy, and well advanced. In Yorkshire the Duke of Devonshire, who is entertaining a distinguished party at Bolton Abbey, had a day that would have been excellent but for a high wind that interfered with the shooting. In Scotland generally the weather was a little cloudy, but not otherwise unfavourable, and there seems to be an entire absence of disease. As usual prices were very high, and on the evening of the Twelfth grouse were selling in some districts for from 12s. to 15s. a brace. It has been pointed out that the red grouse, our only indigenous game bird, is now getting fairly well scattered over the civilised globe. In Germany it has multiplied sufficiently to become an object of sport, and this is also true of some estates in Austria. However, we have no cause to grumble, as nearly all our other game birds are importations. Some of them, indeed, such as the red-legged French partridge, we could have done without—at least, so say some sportsmen who dislike the running habits of this bird.

Stags are reported to be well forward on most of the forests. It has been a season to favour them. The spring was cold, but thereafter there was good pasture and dry nights. They are getting the "velvet" early off their horns, and are reported in good bodily condition and to be numerous. There was no excessive snow, such as sometimes inflicts loss and suffering on them when it lies long and late, last winter.

Most people were glad to hear on Monday last that the Erin and Shamrock II. had arrived off Sandy Hook late the previous evening, with all on board well. The rig under which the challenger crossed the Atlantic is different from any that has been used on previous missions of this character, and seeing that the time taken was less—if one deducts the few hours spent at the Azores—than that of the last challenger's transit, the rig seems to have been satisfactory. The racing sails and spars of the Shamrock arrived several days ahead of her, in one of the Anchor line vessels, so no time need now be lost.

As far as country people are concerned, the chief interest of the National Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace lies in the work accomplished by co-operation in Ireland among the peasant farmers. During 1900 the movement begun by Mr. Plunkett appears to have gone on in a very satisfactory manner. There is an increase of twenty-eight in the number of productive societies, half of which are dairies, and many others are connected with eggs, poultry, and other objects of rural work. Societies formed for the purpose of combined purchase of agricultural implements, seeds, and manures have also shown a considerable growth, and in Ireland—as in this country—are helping to secure better value for the money expended, and also to cut down the plunder of the middleman. Among other enterprises is one that ought to gratify Mr. Henley, the evangelist of flax cultivation. It is the establishment of a co-operative flax mill for "scutching" and preparing flax grown by the members. It will be interesting to watch this experiment, because the cultivation of flax, after having shown a distinct revival some years ago, appeared to be once more dying out in England. In addition to these there are societies for co-operative grazing, which might perhaps compensate to some extent for the withdrawal of common pasture rights from the peasant, and societies for the co-operative sale of barley, oats, and pigs, and also combination for the ownership of agricultural machinery, which must be a great boon where the tenants are extremely poor and unable to afford such labour-saving contrivances as grass-cutters, harvesters, and threshing machines. In due time, perhaps, English farmers will in this respect take a lesson from Ireland and from Denmark, and try to work in combination here also.

To keep pegging away is the golden rule of those who have anything to teach the British public, and the motto is observed by no one more conscientiously than Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, who has done so much to revive the taste for cider in this country. By incessant writing, talking, and practical demonstration he has already done much to popularise this beverage, and yet progress is slow. Some people will persist in the foolish belief that cider is a mere dumping place for bad apples, with the result that the beverage they produce is a horror to every man of moderately good taste, and even by the labourer is regarded as a bad makeshift for four-ale. What Mr. Radcliffe Cooke has taught all along, and reiterates in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is that this is the wrong way to set about the business. Only the very best apples are suitable for producing cider of high quality, and, moreover, there are certain kinds of the best and certain soils peculiarly suitable for growing them that are essential to excellence. Where we rather incline to differ from Mr. Cooke, is in his regardless-of-expense attitude. If bottled cider is ever to become a real substitute for bottled beer the wayfaring man must be able to enter his hostelry and call for his cider at what he pays for his Bass, that is to say, threepence a small bottle. Why this should be so difficult is a mystery. The materials out of which cider is made are not more expensive than those used in good beer, nor ought the bottling process to be more costly.

Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, a well-known field-naturalist, has brought back with him from South Africa a very large collection of bird's skins that he has taken the opportunity of collecting, either with his own hands or by those of others, during the course of ordinary campaigning. He has made the observation, since his return to England, that the German Government not only encourages but even orders its officers to do as he has done whenever they happen to be in out of the way corners of the world where the flora and fauna are likely to be rare, and, perhaps, unknown to science. He contrasts this attitude of the German Government with the entire indifference towards such topics as these of our own authorities. There are, of course, many cases in which the campaigner has not the means either of collecting or of transporting any natural history objects, but on the other hand there are many cases in which such opportunities do present themselves, and it is to be regretted that they should be lost. Comparatively few officers, perhaps, ever have been led to give much attention to natural history, but if the Government were to encourage the bringing home of collections as the German Government encourages it, their attention would be more likely to be given to such objects. Military life on the frontiers of the Empire has so much enforced idleness in many cases, that an interest in the birds, beasts, flowers, and insects would fill up many gaps with an interesting occupation that would profit science, and, perhaps, bring honour to the collector.

Australia is the latest country to take steps for the suppression of the infantile smoker. The Government of Victoria has inserted a clause in all tobacco licences forbidding retailers to sell their goods to customers under sixteen years of age. Curiously enough, in this they have the support of the Tobacconists' Association of Melbourne. It would be a good thing if something of the same kind were done in England. We hear a great deal about the iniquity of allowing small children to go to public houses for the parents' beer, but it is scarcely to be doubted that very much more harm is done if they are allowed to inhale the odorous "fag" before they have come to years of discretion, though a quibbling critic might say that this only hurts the body whilst the other ruins the soul. Still, after all, it is the body that we see most of in this pilgrimage, and we have never heard that the soul was any the worse for the body being attended to.

The extraordinary number of accidents that have happened this year on the Alps leads one to ask what the reason of their frequency can be, and with the best will in the world to ascribe it to some more noble cause, the only adequate cause that is to be discovered, is a lack of reasonable humility on part of most of those who have suffered from them. It is very difficult as it would seem, for the unskilled in mountaineering to realise fully the dangers that hard climbing entails. The truth is that the climbing of mountains is at once an art and a science. It demands a good deal of special knowledge, added to a good deal of practice in putting that knowledge into use; and a man can no more climb anything worthy to be called a mountain without some smattering of them than he can ride a bicycle without previous practice. We must always remember that the accidents recorded bear but a very small proportion indeed to the dangerous situations in which climbers have found themselves, and from which they have been rescued by good fortune. It is not as if the records exhausted all the risks. We speak, of course, of those who go climbing without

experienced guides. If you are well attended you take your art and science, incarnated, along with you.

An American visitor, in a letter which was published in Monday's *Times*, expresses surprise that he was unable to learn at certain West End booking offices the name of the nearest station to Selborne. Perhaps it is going rather far to suggest that this want of knowledge on the part of the booking clerks indicates that Gilbert White is forgotten by his countrymen, but such ignorance is not to be compared with a case that came under notice on Saturday last. Visiting that delightful part of Berkshire which may be described as Miss Mitford's country, the writer journeyed to the church in Swallowfield Park, near to the house which Lady Russell has so charmingly described recently. His enquiries for the grave of Miss Mitford were met by blank ignorance on the part of the man who was "tidying" other graves only a step from the cross which marks the resting-place of the famous delineator of country life. In one way such want of knowledge is not to be wondered at, when those who know better are so indifferent to the claims of these great writers. Within a very few miles of Swallowfield is Eversley, where Kingsley lived, worked, and died, and what is there to show the visitor that it was the well-loved home of the author of "Hypatia"? Beyond the simple headstone, hidden away in a corner of the churchyard, and the brass placed in the church by his daughter, there is nothing. Surely the British public is too careless of dead greatness!

Those who like good butter have reason to be satisfied with the result of a case that has just been carried to appeal and lost by the appellants. The charge against them was that by an ingenious contrivance they were able to inject a certain amount of milk into butter and thereby increase the weight. The analyst showed that the butter had too much water in it for pure butter. This was defended by saying that, as there was nothing but butter and milk in the commodity, no adulteration could be proved. However, this spurious plea was thrust aside on appeal, the judges very properly holding that milk ought to be eliminated in the course of butter-making. This action we consider to be of great importance to the British farmer, since whatever tends to raise the standard of butter is most distinctly in his favour. He cannot compete with the factory-made shilling-a-pound mixture, but he can produce butter than which there is none better.

The records made by men and animals of various sorts have been frequently described, but it is not often that an inanimate object is entitled to this attention. Such is the case, however, with the Great Northern express engine known as No. 1. It was built in Doncaster and put upon the line in 1870, and since then has never been off the metals. The other day it completed its 4,000,000 miles. The fact seems to invest the machine with something of the interest we attach to living and breathing things. It is still running daily on an express train between Doncaster and York, and we were almost going to write, adding to its experiences. Well is it, perhaps, for the actors in many a railway tragedy that their steed is deaf and dumb, and who has not had "thoughts" as he flew through the dark in an express train. Many of us have spent our most crucial moments there hurrying to a death or a bridal, a birth or a funeral, and who ever felt sorrow that the engine was senseless and automatic? This express stands in no need of a pension, but it will be worth preserving as a curiosity.

Mountain motoring does not seem to be a promising form of locomotion, but the restless mountaineer has impressed into his service the new vehicle. Two French tourists have climbed the Great St. Bernard in an automobile, being the first to do so, and the Grand Duke Nicholas has just completed a tour in the Caucasus in a motor-car. His route lay over the Goder Pass, which is 7,000ft. high.

We are glad to see a lady doctor raising in the *Times* a protest against the long skirt of her sex. Those of us who are least desirous of seeing woman the ape of man in her garments still think she can improve her costume with much addition to her comfort and no loss to her comeliness. Long skirts, we have known for a long time, gather mud and filth from the street, and now attention is drawn to the fact that they are admirably suited to the collection of bacilli and diseases. Moreover, the danger is not alone to the owner of the skirt; she carries the infection wherever she may go—to a nursery, to afternoon tea, to the drawing-room, to hospital. But between the unspeakable "bloomer" and the dangerously long skirt there ought to be a happy mean. Our grandfathers thought it no shame but rather a glory to praise a woman for her ankle—what conceivable reason is there for hiding this part of her anatomy from view? Probably the most agreeable and most comfortable skirt would fall just halfway down from the knees.

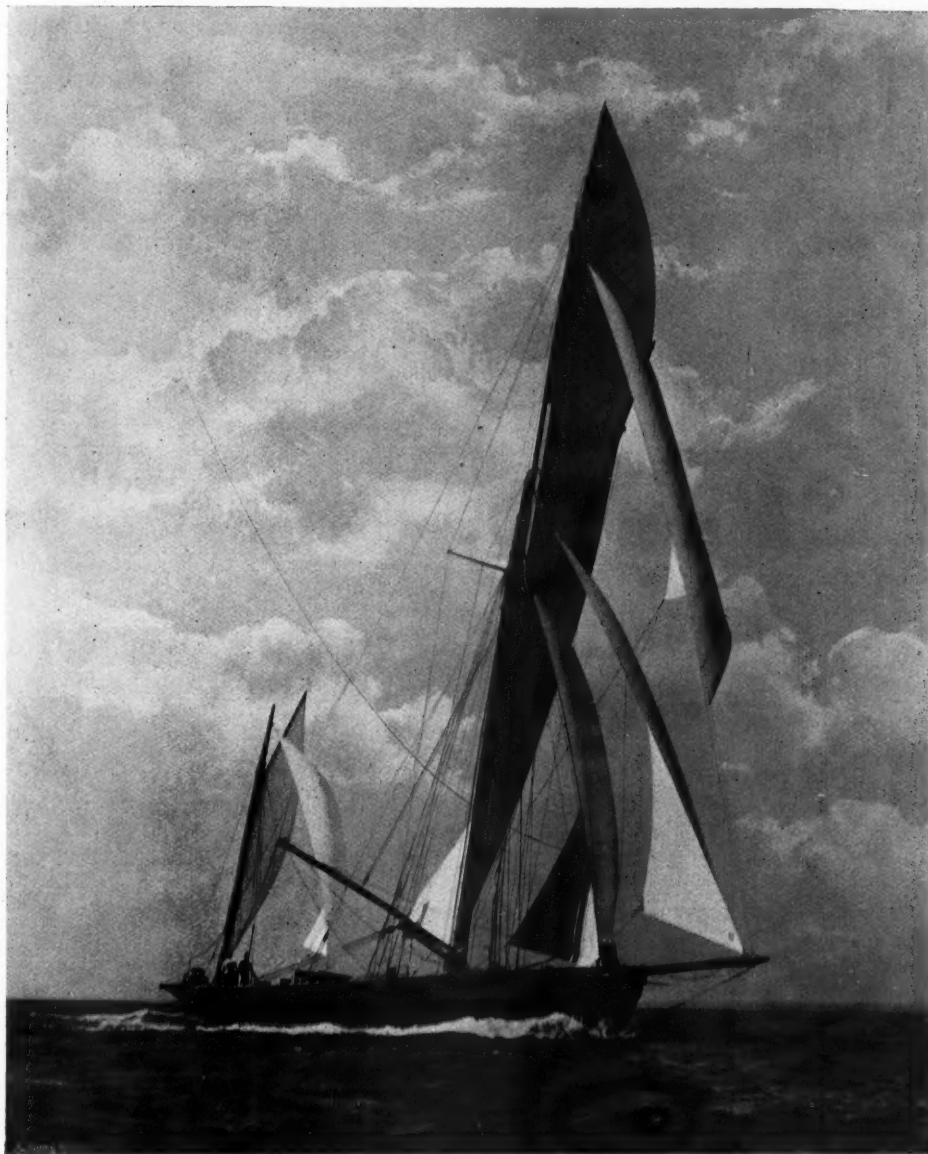


## THE COWES WEEK.

FOR the second year in succession

Cowes Regatta has, one might almost write, been held under the shadow of a national grief. To say that the effect of it upon the number of visitors was marked would not be very true, since the news of the death of the Empress was not generally known on the evening of the opening day. The arrival list was well up to the average, and people with lodgings to let had nothing to complain of on that score. Incidentally it may be mentioned that houses in Cowes and the immediate neighbourhood have been letting well during the summer season, whilst the strings of yachts at anchor in the roads, which are made, just for a few days annually, to extend from Egypt Point right away down to Old Castle Point, bore testimony to the popularity of last week's fixture. Socially, of course, the lamented death of the Empress Frederick was nothing less than a disaster, so close is the connection between the people of the Isle of Wight and our Royal House.

As regards the actual racing, however, nothing but a miracle could have created any real amount of popular excitement. Small as has been the number of first-class racing yachts in past years, the season of 1901 has witnessed their diminution in a still further degree, and with the Meteor unavoidably withdrawn from all her engagements except the King's Cup, and His Majesty's old vessel, the Britannia, so much reduced in her spars and in spread of canvas as to be now little more than



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LEANDER WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP.

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a comfortable cruiser, the big class, so far at any rate as the Solent is concerned, has virtually vanished. The other classes, by which are meant the '65ft. raters, better known as "forties," the 52-footers, or "twenties," and the 36-footers, or "fives," suffered there is no getting away from the fact—from a certain monotony which is bound to exist where a small number of racing vessels, in the case of the 65-footers generally reduced to two, meet regatta after regatta, to renew their antagonism. To be sure, some measure of variety is ensured by different courses and the aid of fickle Fortune, a variety which, though it affords matter of interest to the spectator unable to be present at every regatta round the coast, cannot be appreciated, or perhaps even, felt by the competitors themselves. This, as remarked, is the outcome of a decrease in

numbers among the larger kinds of racing yachts. The difficulty—at least, in the matter of Solent classes—was overcome by the establishment, only a few years ago, of a Solent one-design class. The scheme, which restricted the owners, among other economies, to the employment of two paid hands and the use of but one suit of sails per annum, and made possible the purchase of a small racing vessel at a reasonable price—the expenses of racing being considered by many, and quite justifiably, very unreasonable—took so firm a hold upon the favour of certain people that in a short time there were two dozen of these little vessels, and eventually their races had to be started in two batches. But this is an exceptional case, and the interest in the



West &amp; Son.

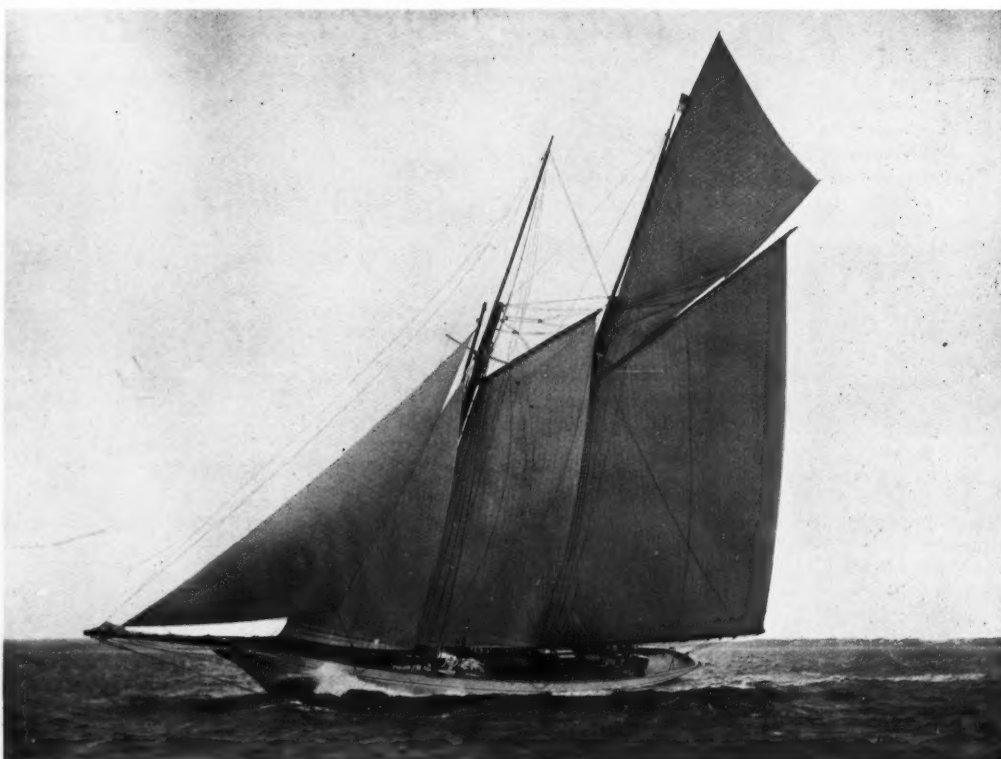
VIEW OF COWES ROADS.

Southsea.

one-designers has never been allowed to flag.

No room for doubt exists but that the handicap race held on the opening day was the most successful event of the week, and as the result of their efforts the executive of the Royal London Yacht Club may take every credit. That the conditions designed for competitors were in every way satisfactory is amply evidenced by the entry received—thirty-one yachts all told. This number included the cream of the handicap class, and the start was as pretty a sight as could be imagined. Far out as the mark-boat was placed, the starting line was none too long, and the biggest vessels—Sir James Pender's *Brynhild*, *Glory* (a new 200 ton yawl belonging to Sir Seymour King), and the foreign-owned schooner *Clara*—must have required a lot of careful manoeuvring to be placed so well as they were at the beginning, for it is the contention of all who know the Solent that its narrow waters are quite unsuited to the needs of a racing schooner. Nevertheless, a large vessel of this description is usually seen in any important handicap race at Ryde, Cowes, and Southampton. Considerable interest, too, attached to two minor handicap races which took place on the same day. "For cruisers" was the specification of each, but the distinction, it would seem, between a cruiser and a genuine racer becomes smaller year by year and—less. All kinds of trouble arose out of the sailing instructions issued by the Royal Yacht Squadron to the entrants for their "Cruiser" race. To give an instance, the *Lais* received one set, making no mention of "cruising trim," and at the last moment—that is to say, on getting a second card of orders—her skipper discovered he was breaking one of the rules by carrying extra paid hands. At that time of day there was naturally nothing for it but to go on. *Brynhild*, however, who got her second set of instructions in time, protested, and the matter is now *sub judice*.

The rivalry between the two "forties" was very keen in all their bouts. Hitherto the American-designed Clyde-built *Nevada* has been something of a failure, but she has been



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CLARA.

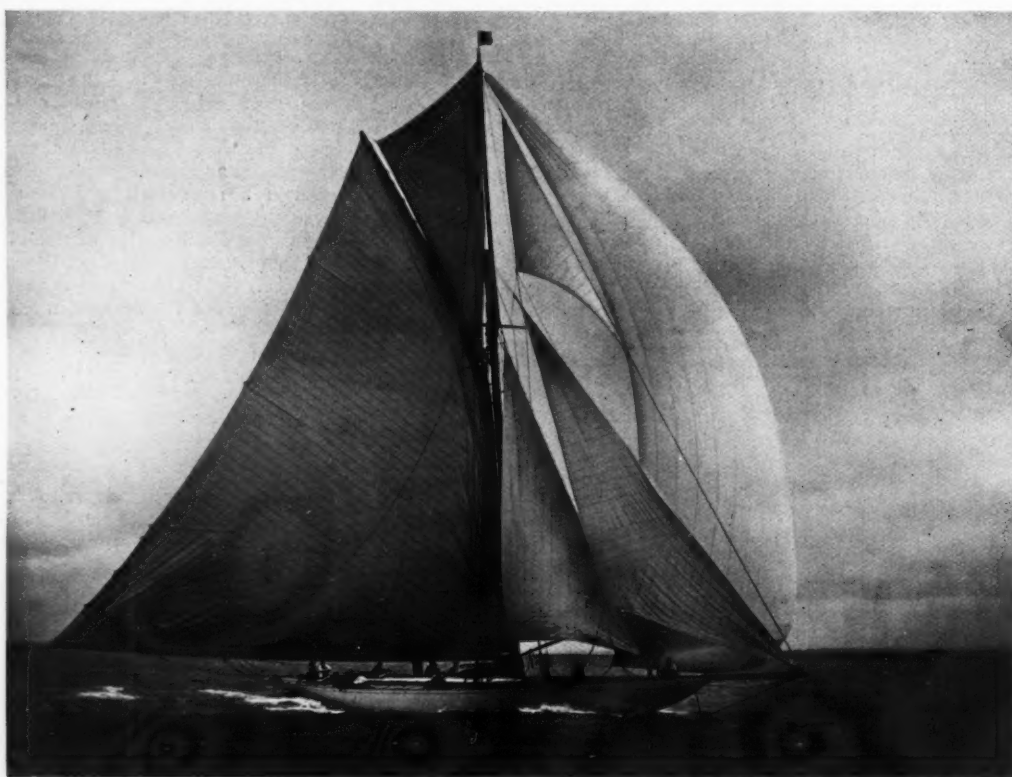
Southsea.

admirably persevered with, many of her former defects have been made good, and on the first day of Cowes Regatta she beat the British-built *Tutty* fairly and squarely. It is not every owner who would continue to race his vessel after so many defeats, and Mr. Inglis, *Nevada*'s owner, is to be congratulated on making the younger Herreshoff's first design a winner. Only three "twenties" made an appearance in the Solent, and Baron de Forest's *Magdalen* was the most successful of the trio. Gauntlet managed to secure a flag at last—she has none too many to her credit—and the third was Mr. Andrew Coats's *Balena*, the whale.

It is the complaint of the inhabitants—who subscribe towards it—that the race for the Cowes Town Cup can be so little seen from the shore. The eastern mark being the Warner Lightship—which lies beyond Spithead—the growl gains force, but it is difficult to see what other course could be sailed over, unless the large vessels are to interfere to a considerable degree with the smaller ones, which sail over a shorter course, in full view of the town.

What is known as the Old Queen's Course, and is used for the race for the King's Cup, is certainly needlessly long, and in this case a shorter, twice round course, might well have been laid out, as from the shore only the start and finish of the most important race in the yachting calendar can be seen. This year only four started, and it is a feather in the cap of Britannia's designer that, middle-aged as she is, she should save her time off the *Meteor*, and that, too, in what was really cruising rig only. Neither *Meteor* nor *Britannia*, however, could give their allotted time to *Leander*, a fine yawl belonging to the Hon. Rupert Guinness, built last year, but not then fitted out owing to her owner's absence in South Africa, the win being a distinctly popular one.

Apart from racing, the presence for a short time in the roads of the Antarctic exploring vessel *Discovery* attracted considerable attention, and after the King and Queen had visited her and carefully inspected every detail the public were kindly allowed on board. Amongst notable visitors to the departing



West &amp; Son,

NEVADA.

Southsea.



ship was the ex-Empress Eugenie, who was cruising in the Solent in her own yacht. The new Victoria and Albert was also pretty generally admired. There was one other unusual spectacle at Cowes, namely, the burgee which was flying on the Britannia, which is now the property of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, and was for the week leased back to the King. His Majesty is now admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron, whereas he was formerly commodore, and it was His Majesty's burgee as admiral that was so distinct a feature in that maze of bunting.

## RACING NOTES.

**S**PEAKING generally, the English nation has ever been famed for a certain smug hypocrisy with which it has been in the habit of comforting itself in times of trouble, by adopting the ostrich principle and refusing to look at anything either dangerous or unpleasant. In the matter of racing, to say

nothing of other sports less clearly defined and less generally indulged in, this soothing glossing-over has been adopted for a very long time, but this week a didactic sporting writer, in one of our best sporting papers, has discovered a new cause of trouble; has unearthed, according to his own showing, the real offender; has, apparently, put his finger on the sore place. And what do you think his conclusion is? "It was an evil day," he says, "when the American jockey and his style of riding came to be profitable over here," and he goes on to point out and to affirm that the Turf has never been in such a deplorable state as it is at the present moment, and to attribute all the wicked deeds, unpleasant incidents, peculiar running, etc., to the American influence and the American methods. Plunged in funeral gloom, he conveys the impression that the English Turf is on its last legs, and that the whole structure, which has taken so many years to build up, has been undermined and destroyed within the space of three short years. We yield, we hope, to no one in the matter of patriotism, but surely there is an amount of hysterical exaggeration and somewhat unusual self-righteousness about this which make these statements almost ludicrous, if they were not spiteful. What poor creatures we must all be, if the arrival of a few hundred Americans is capable of destroying and reconstructing the greatest of all national institutions; and an attitude of pained surprise towards wrongdoing comes strangely

from people in whose history are set down such things as the Running Rein scandal, the Jockey Ring of 1893-94, and other lamentable incidents, too numerous, and too uninteresting, to be set down here. There is even something of the childish simplicity of the Chinaman about the statement that until the American advent the Turf never suffered from such grave scandals as it does at present. It is true that there is a large amount of unrest and unsettledness existent in Turf circles at the moment, but there is no "grave scandal," owing to the fact, as I said a fortnight ago, that the people who were most interested and most concerned in the impending trouble had the good sense to change their method of working at the critical moment. All this outcry about the wickedness and infamy of the American contingent smacks greatly of the absurd; for, whether we like it or not—probably we don't—the Americans have come to stay, and each succeeding season will see more of them, and see them established upon a firmer footing. If anybody wants proof of this, let him look up the entries for the Derby of 1903, where he will find the names of no less than forty American horses, and almost every mail brings us intelligence of some new effort, or scheme, on the part of American racing-men to increase their riches on this side of the water. What has been done, has been done, and nobody can mend matters by attempting to bestow a larger amount of abuse on the new comers than their records will justify; and, indeed, the probability is, that tactics of this sort will eventually end in disgusting

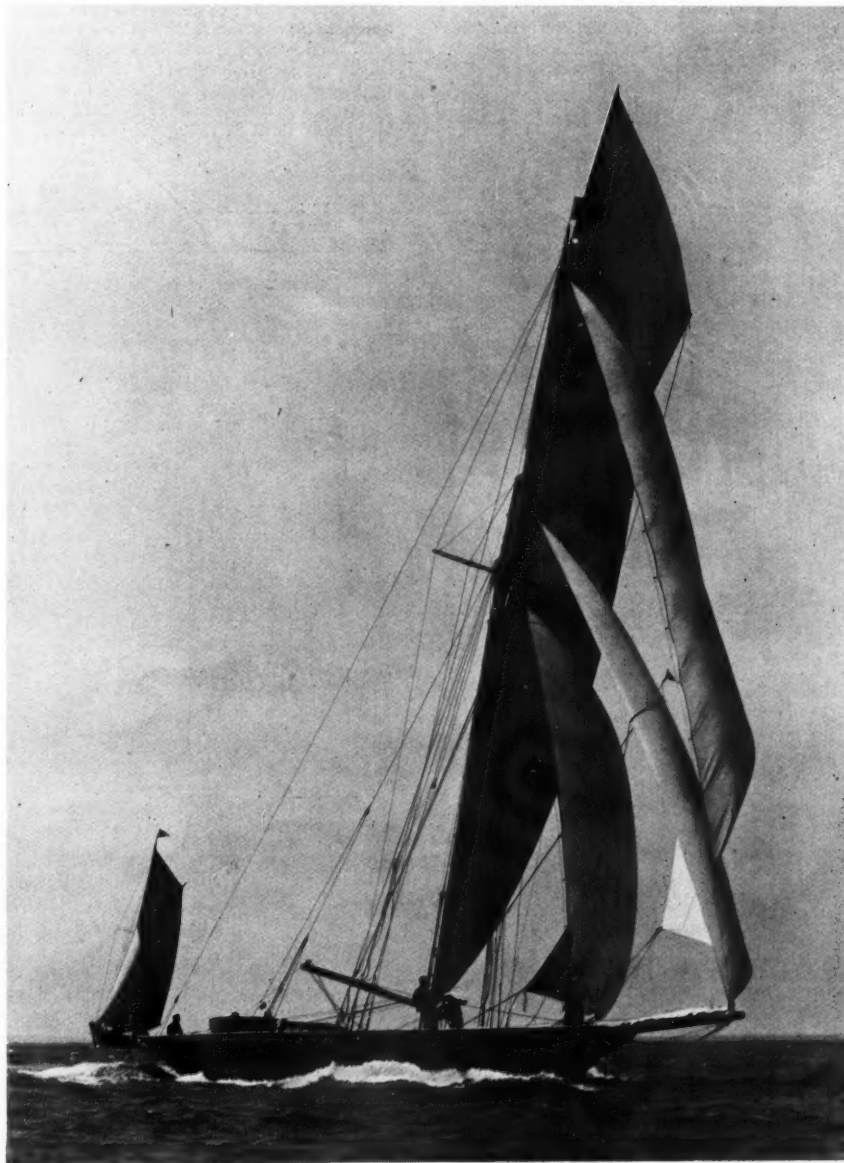
the very people whose goodwill the initiators of them were hoping to obtain.

The entries for the Great Ebor Handicap are so good, that some of our more sanguine North Country friends will be able to find enough encouragement for them to think that perhaps after all the York Meeting has not really degenerated to the level of Brighton and Lewes; but I am afraid that, if they sincerely believe this, they have been allowing their hearts to get the better of their heads. The times have changed, are changing, and will continue to change, but the authorities who control meetings like that at York cannot or will not, or at any rate do not, see their way to charging with them. York is too far away from everywhere, the value of the stakes is too small, and the cost of getting to the course is too great for this old and historic meeting to have any real chance of success, and, in addition to all these things, we cannot forget that the North Country stables are no more, and that the number of North Country owners is very much smaller than it used to be in years gone by. Which brings me to another point, which, although it bears but remotely upon the York Meeting, is yet of such importance to the Turf in general, that any discussion of it cannot fail to be profitable. It is this. Not only are the North Country families giving up racing, but a time is not very far distant when we shall find ourselves short of the right class of owner.

And of those who give the subject a moment's thought, who can harbour any doubt as to what the right class of owner is? The right class of owner is the man who has been so advantageously placed by kind fortune that it matters to him not one jot or one tittle whether he bets or not, or, for the matter of that, whether his horse wins two or three races, more or less, in the course of a season. There are a number of them racing at present, such as the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Sir Blundell Maple, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Bissett, and many others, but when this supply is exhausted, and in the nature of things it cannot last for ever, where is the new blood coming from?

The entries for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire are most satisfactory and most cheering to people who, like myself, have continually, persistently, without intermission in season or out, pointed out that the only way to encourage and perpetuate the breeding of real stout-hearted horses is to encourage long-distance racing at all times and in all places. Among the entries for the first-mentioned race we find such good stayers as William III., Clarendon, San Toi, Epsom Lad, Fortunatus, Damocles, Evasit, Herminius, Mackintosh, Reminiscence, Uncle Mac (late Northallerton), any of which has been a paying property during the course of the season; while in the Cambridgeshire we find this year's Derby winner himself, Kilmarnock II., San Toi, Codoman, Spectrum, Mount Prospect, Epsom Lad, and many others with both pretensions and credentials to be considered good horses. The *Racing Calendar* is not generally very cheerful reading from any point of view, but in the case of these two races it has undoubtedly belied its reputation.

BOCEPHALUS.



Symonds & Co.

LAIS SAILING FOR THE TOWN CUP.

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## FROM THE PAVILION.

**F**EW matches have caused more general interest than the Bank Holiday meeting between Yorkshire and Lancashire, partly because Lancashire was generally regarded as the one county likely to fairly extend the champions, partly on account of the fact that the match was a benefit match, the *beneficiaire* being that fine player J. T. Brown. As far as the "extension" of the champion eleven went, they, at least, must have been fairly satisfied with the Procrustean process, as when each county had played an innings they were nearly 100 behind—319 to 413—and when five of their leading batsmen had retired in the second innings only 175 runs had been registered. Three centuries were scored in the match, by Mitchell, McLaren, and Ward, but whereas the first two played lively and free cricket, played "cricket," in short, Ward took more than four hours to get 100, and then muddled about for 25 min. without getting a solitary run more!

Five-and-twenty solid minutes wasted! And by a man who presumably had got his eye in! However, as long as the executive will stand such performances, so long will this sort of cricket flourish, the unfortunate part of the whole business being that, as there are times and seasons when "pottering" is absolutely invaluable, so long will the exponents thereof be retained in elevens in case the emergency arrives. As to the success of the benefit as such, that is undeniable, for it is stated that in addition to a "list" of £700, and gate-money to the tune of £2,225, there is yet the "pick up" to be brought to hand, which should amply cover expenses, and in the end Brown will be the richer by some £3,000. If these figures are realised, he will be the champion *beneficiaire*.

Surrey, as is not usual with them, were very savagely handled by Notts at the Oval; their bowling was absolutely overpowered by Jones and Iremonger, who scored respectively 88 and 99 not out and 119 and 34 not out, Jones being especially brilliant, and Iremonger making his first century. Hallam and John Gunn did for the Surrey batsmen what the other two did for the Surrey bowlers, and had not Crawford, who alone kept his wits about him, and, realising the fact that bowling is made to be hit, scored 110 in most brilliant fashion, Surrey would indeed have been in queer street; even as it was, totals of 224 and 265, which would have been winning scores five-and-twenty years ago, did not save them from a ten-wickets beating. But a further point has to be noticed. Nothing did more for Notts than the really brilliant fielding of the side; the ball never came amiss to any Notts man, while to the Surrey men, whose inferiority was marked, everything "ganged agley." Proceeding to Leyton, the Notts eleven showed as much command over the other southern county as over Surrey. Again Jones and Iremonger got set, and, after having put up over 130 for the first wicket in each

innings at the Oval, proceeded, at Leyton, to get 238 on the board before Jones was out. This time Jones contributed 149, and the professional 133, having thus made his first two centuries in consecutive games. Shrewsbury got 39, the next five batsmen 13, and the last three 114! However, Essex put up 415 in reply to 460, Turner and Carpenter getting centuries and Lucas 62; but as all three were missed fairly early in their innings, the Notts fieldsmen do not come out of the match with the same credit as before.

On the wicket at Cheltenham College, which was none too clean, the scoring between Middlesex and Gloucester was confined within very moderate bounds, the London team actually going down for 87, and having in the end to score 291 to win outright. My last news was that about half of these had been secured by the first five men, so that the end may be—or, rather, may have been—quite interesting. MacLaren made an apparent mistake in closing his first innings at Manchester with but five wickets down, under the impression that the sun would make the wicket tricky, whereas the Derbyshire men found scoring no very difficult task. MacLaren knows Old Trafford as well as any man knows anything, so that his error of judgment helps to prove what I have often averred—that it is impossible to forecast how far wind, rain, or sun will affect the ground, be it sandy, or clayey, or mossy; hence I deduce that it is nearly always good policy to go to the wickets when you get the chance; to declare one's first innings for so few runs as 183 must be a record for first-class cricket. I have only to add that while Hirst and Rhodes played havoc with Hanis' wickets, Taylor with 156 and Brown with 110 helped Yorkshire to yet another victory, and by an innings; and that there was large scoring at the Crystal Palace, Grace getting 132 and L. Walker 222 out of 633 runs scored against the M.C.C., who also scored brave both George Heurne and C. C. T. Doll getting centuries. W. J. FORD.

## REPTILES AND THEIR MEALS.

THE magistrate who saw no necessity for the thief to live had a narrower view of things than Nature, for in her eyes the meanest creature endowed with life has the right to cling to its birthright. Man is only a fighting animal with the rest, and if he chooses, from the standpoint of his own convenience, to class all reptiles as vile, there is only his own kind to criticise his judgment. Yet any farmer or any keeper at the Zoological Gardens

could tell the poets that the dove is a greedier creature by far than the serpent, and those of us who have kept both in confinement know that the bird is the dirtier and more troublesome of the two. What sight can be more marvellous in its way than that of a feeding chameleon? The creature looks lifeless and apathetic as it clings to some slender branch; but let Tyrrell, the keeper, but remove the padlock and lift the lid of its glass prison, let him but present a meal-worm on the tip of a skewer, the whole animal undergoes a wonderful transformation. Throwing itself forward, it poises for an instant in mid-air while the telescopic eye takes the range of the bait; then there is a sudden unrolling of the spiral tongue, and lastly a final flash of that marvellous organ, and the meal-worm has vanished as at the bidding of a Bertram. Not always will the chameleon feed, for reptiles are among the most abstemious of animals. This is less a virtue than a necessity, for they are often unable to find suitable food when in the natural state, and with their cold blood and sluggish habits require less



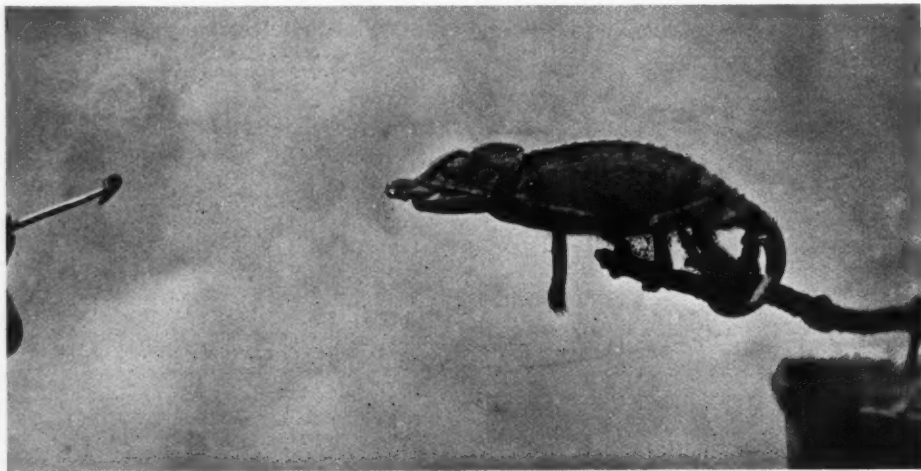
Cherry Kearton.

A CHAMELEON FEEDING.

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nourishment than creatures of greater activity. The larger serpents, moreover, such as the pythons and boas, dine well and seldom, taking a young lamb or kid whole, though crushed in convenient compass, and digesting at leisure. According to the older travellers, such great snakes as the South American anaconda swallowed anything up to a full-sized llama, but naturalists are less ambitious as time goes on, and a good-sized monkey would nowadays satisfy the average ambition. Even such an aldermanic repast, however, takes some digesting; and I recollect handling a large captive Australian python, a day or two before its death, which had fasted for just twenty months. The caprice of reptiles is much affected by temperature. A 6ft. diamond snake that I once brought home from Australia, to give to the Zoo, and a bearded lizard that accompanied me on the same voyage, showed no inclination to feed except when we lay in port, in Java, Ceylon, and elsewhere, and the temperature on board was, in consequence, much higher than out at sea.

Another marvel of the Zoo reptile-house is the egg-eating snake, an African who rejoices in the scientific name of *Dasypteltis*. I regret to say that the gentleman who used most generously to keep the Zoo supplied with these and other interesting reptiles died recently, and most of the egg-eating snakes are dead as well, which has prevented my photographer giving as complete a series of the remarkable positions of the creature as he could have wished. Few, seeing these little snakes, no



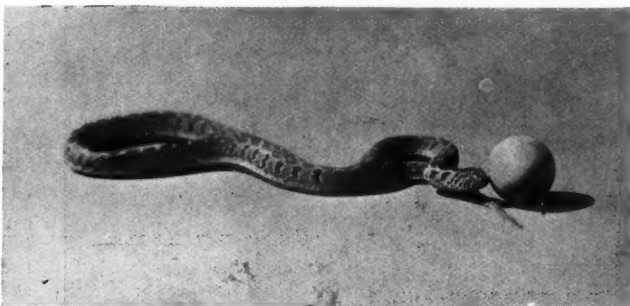
A. S. Rudland.

CHAMELEON ABOUT TO FEED.

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thicker than penholders, would ever imagine them capable of tackling an unbroken sparrow's or pigeon's egg, but the jaws distend to such a gape that he egg is swallowed without difficulty, cracked by some bones down in the creature's throat, so that all the contents are swallowed without loss, and the shell is then ejected from the mouth in the form of a pellet, after the fashion adopted by owls and hawks. Eggs of larger calibre are also much appreciated by the monitor lizards, though a piece of steak does as well. Some of these larger lizards are fond of a change of food, but it is not always the fiercest-looking lizard that has the most courage when hungry. There are gentle-looking Indian lizards that will take eggs from the nests of mighty eagles, and others that give battle to the deadliest snakes; yet the ferocious-looking moloch of Australia feeds only on ants, while the equally formidable zonure eats nothing larger than mice, shaking them as a terrier shakes rats. Another interesting ant-eater



A. S. Rudland. PRELIMINARY ENQUIRY.

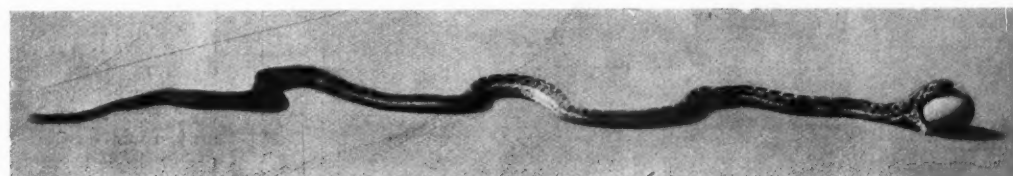
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shark's flesh, the crocodiles in our own Zoo once devoured a cargo of dead and decaying snakes, and thus solved the difficulty of giving these unsavoury remains effective burial.

Hitherto, I have considered only foreign reptiles, but our own snakes have, after all, a greater and more present interest for readers of COUNTRY LIFE. The world's snakes are, as regards their feeding, roughly divisible into three groups—those which crush, those which kill or stun with a lethal bite, and those, which do neither. Nature has not, so far as we know,

evolved a fourth which does both; and if the serpents of our school days, crossing the narrow sea to worry Laocoon, were both venomous and constricting, as would appear from the text, the poet must be held responsible for such freaks. All snakes, like fishes, swallow their victims whole, and such small snakes as our

grass snake swallow them alive, so that frogs and toads have often been recovered alive from newly-killed grass snakes, none the worse for their short imprisonment. Frogs are now and then swallowed head first, but are more often seized by the hind leg, which they fling out in their vain effort to escape to cover. My friend, Dr. Gerald Leighton, whose unique experience of British adders is not unknown to readers of these pages, has kindly lent me a couple of photographs (of which one is here reproduced) of adders that he has come upon when in the act of swallowing field-mice. As might be expected, many reptiles feed on other reptiles, just as fishes feed largely on



A. S. Rudland.

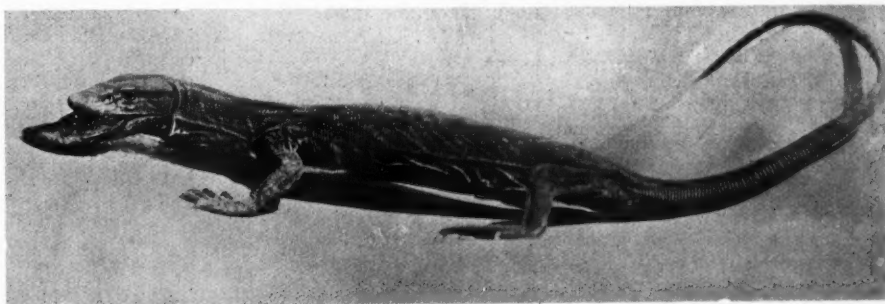
ALL WELL.

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among lizards is the South American amphisbæna, which burrows and gorges in the hills of the curious parasol ant. Some of the Australian pioneers thought that they had noticed a similar foresight in the brush-turkey, but in that case it is the white ants which assemble in the bird's nesting mounds. This is a bad habit, as the ants discover when set upon by the new brood of hungry nestlings left to provide for themselves.

Of all the reptiles that survive on a planet in which they were once the dominating class, the crocodiles and alligators enjoy man's hatred in the highest degree, and he is certainly justified in losing no opportunity of raising his hand against these dreadful creatures. Nor does he; even where there is little chance of recovering the body, a shot at a crocodile is never missed. I remember well getting up before the dawn one cold and misty morning in the Queensland estuary and being paddled some way up the Fitzroy River, the southernmost boundary of crocodiles on the east coast of Australia, by a kanaka, who wanted me to shoot a very large crocodile that he had seen lying on the mud the evening before. When, in the feeble light, I had put three bullets out of my express rifle clean in the middle of the dark patch on the bank without disturbing it in the least, a closer investigation seemed desirable, and we found that I had been wasting lead on the cavity left by the brute, a kind of form, from which he had perhaps slid into the stream at the last high tide.

The crocodile always seems to me a much better impersonation of evil than the snake, for it is utterly lacking in beauty, and it seems impossible to credit it with any but the most cruel instincts. Even the Indian gavials, which are supposed to feed almost entirely on fish, seem unable to spare man; and I remember reading in a back file of that excellent Calcutta paper, the *Englishman*, an account of one of these "fish-eaters" that had eaten fifteen natives and an incredible number of cattle before a timely bullet put an end to any further enterprise. Crocodiles and alligators are wonderful at ambuscading, and could teach even the Boers, for they are able to lie immovable in the water, with their nostrils just above the surface, and they then drag their victims, men, deer, or cattle, under water,



A. S. Rudland.

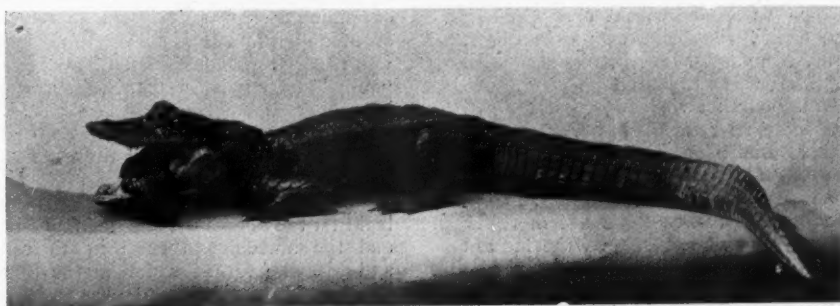
STEAK DOES AS WELL.

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other fishes. The opportunities of capturing animals of their own class are necessarily many. There is in the Zoological Gardens a hamadryad snake that can eat only other snakes, and these are caught for the purpose in the glades of the New Forest. There are also many snakes, such as the cobras, moon snakes, horseshoe snakes, and others, both venomous and innocuous, which prefer lizards above all other food. The dreaded rattlesnakes of America eat marmots and quails, while the shield-tailed snakes of India devour nothing above an earth-worm. To the long-accepted menu of the British adder, slow-worms, sand-

lizards, toads, frogs, and young birds, Dr. Leighton is able to make an interesting addition in the water-vole (commonly, though erroneously, called "water-rat"), for he has more than once seen adders swimming in pursuit of these animals in the Monnow River that runs beneath his windows.

I feel sure that



A. S. Rudland

THE EVIL ONE

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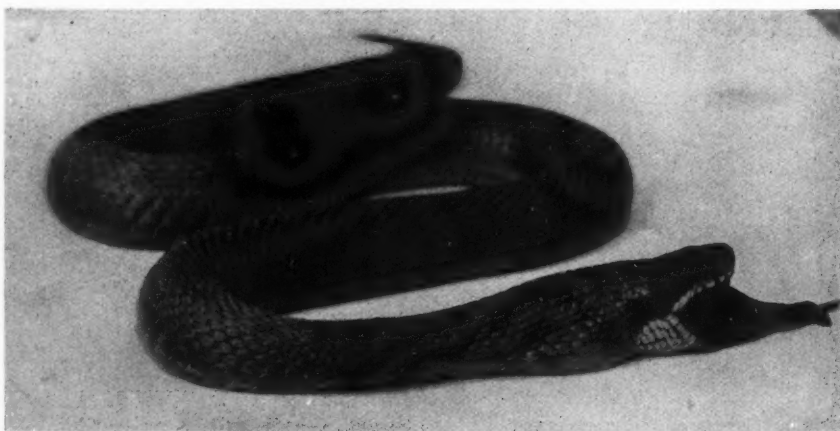


Douglas English. GRASS SNAKE ABOUT TO SEIZE A FROG.

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anyone who gives up some time to watching the reptiles at their meals will find much that is interesting and little to disgust him. Of course, there are reptiles and reptiles; in the same way, there are birds and birds. We could not perhaps easily picture a fellow-creature caressing a horn-bill or a lammergeier, but shall we therefore shudder at the mention of a nightingale or humming-bird? Because the cobra is deadly and the crocodile repulsive, may we not take pleasure in observing beautiful and interesting lizards? There is no venomous lizard nearer than Mexico, and chameleons, for instance, are admirable pets; they neither shriek nor smell like parrots, nor do they multiply distressingly like guinea-pigs.

F. G. AFLALO.



Dr. G. Leighton. ADDER FEEDING ON A FIELD-MOUSE.

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## LETTERS FROM . . . LOW LATITUDES.—II.

IF the first day in the bush at Goonoo-Goonoo was good, the second was, if possible, better, and it must be confessed that there was a kind of good-humoured yet mischievous pleasure in learning, as we did later, that the Duke, who was out shooting elsewhere that day, had not had half as much sport as we had. Yet, as a matter of fact, our shooting was merely an episode in an interesting day, whereas his days had been devoted to sport of which the promise was not fulfilled. Moreover, we saw at leisure sights which had been specially prepared for him, but of which, for some reason or another, he had not been able to take full advantage; and we crammed into that day (without fatigue, because organisation was so excellent) quite an enormous number of incidents.

The first sounds heard in the morning issued from the quarters of the temporary bachelors, that is to say, the men who were parted from their wives by the full diameter of the terrestrial globe. They were serenading one another with the German songs, the familiar songs which we all know, but none the less welcome in a far country, which they had heard overnight. Then hearty greetings all round, and after that breakfast and an interlude for pigeon shooting. It was rough, but pleasant. No scientific trap was there, and nobody knew exactly what the rise was, although it was somewhere near to 28yds. For trap we had an old candle-box, which was simply pulled over with a string; and although two of the gunners, of whom I was one, had never shot pigeons out of a trap before—for that matter, I have no desire to do so again—some twenty-five birds out of thirty paid the debt of nature. But that was not entirely the fault of the gunners of little experience, for Mr. Arthur Macarthur, who had once killed 153 birds out of 154 (which must be very near a record), had a way of standing afar off and of "wiping our eyes" by slaying fugitive birds at distances which seemed almost

impossible. That may be accounted for partly by the fact that Mr. Macarthur uses heavy charges, and that I know because I was using his cartridges, and because now, four days after, my shoulder is of the same hue as a ripe purple plum.

Pigeon shooting over, the family were gathered together, and the caravan, so to speak, started on a bush picnic. It consisted of three riders, Macarthur and two correspondents, the drag filled to the brim with laughing girls and a correspondent, and with a Singhalese servant who is a real treasure, and of a buggy in which Mr. and Mrs. King the elder drove off at a great pace with a pair of splendid mares. Guns were kept always in readiness, in case there might be anything to shoot. For a while our course was along a road, or something like one, but then we turned "slunt" to the left, as they say in the West Country, it to

a bush where no track was, and after a while the ladies, being asked in what direction Duri lay, or Tanworth (which is the principal and only town of those parts), had no more idea than Adam, or, for that matter, than I had. They were, as the saying goes, "bushed." But that was very far from being the case of Euston King, or his father. How they found their way through ten miles of forest, unless it was by the sun, I know not. Now

and again, at intervals of a quarter of an hour or more, one could catch sight of the commanding peak of Mount Duri, which marks the corner of the run, estate, or province, call it which you will, but for the rest the surroundings were simply those of a trackless forest. Moreover, owing to the necessity of getting the drag through the interstices of the trees, and of avoiding fallen trees, half overgrown with grass, our course was necessarily sinuous. Nevertheless, as the morning wore on, it became clear that Mr. King and his son knew perfectly well where they were, for first we came to a dam where there should have been ducks, but there were none, and then to a piece of open country, where we actually saw three full-sized and able-bodied kangaroos "louping" off at a great pace some 1,200yds. off. Then the riders made a detour to another dam, where they could not get at the ducks, and after some more miles of difficult riding we came to the marge of a creek.

Now an Australian creek is worth describing, partly because it is not a bit like a creek. That is the way of Australia. You are shown fig trees which are not in the least like fig trees, myrtles which, are not like myrtles, honeysuckle which is a stiff bush, bearing flowers like iridescent fir cones. Similarly, a creek is a river bed, 20ft. or 30ft. deep, with precipitous sides, and perhaps a small trickle of water or a few pools of water at the bottom. Up this creek, or down it—for one could not see which way the water flowed—Macarthur and I strolled, guns in hand, to look for duck. Ducks there were none, but of many-coloured birds great variety. These, however, we spared, being of opinion that beautiful plumage is no reason for killing a bird, or at any rate not a sufficient reason. Meanwhile, luncheon was being prepared, an essential part of it being tea boiled in a "billy" (otherwise a teapot) over a bush fire of dead gum branches; but fortunately there were other things to drink, besides victuals in abundance. So, to quote old Homer, "they stretched out their hands to the viands lying ready before them," and then came a fresh start.

Down by a carefully-chosen route, plunged into the river bed first the horsemen, and then the buggy, and then the drag; and the horsemen turned in their saddles, and Mr. King and his wife turned round in the buggy to watch the course of the drag, and there was a silence while men might count a score; but with a plunge and a lurch or two, and a steady hand on the reins, and a word of encouragement to



the horses, we were over—no, not over, but across and up on the other side—amidst cheers, which Mr. Euston King well deserved. Over on the far side, across three wire fences, the further two of which bounded the railway line, was a treat in store in the shape of no less than 11,000 sheep, which had been mustered together for the inspection of the Duke, but had hardly been seen by him. We dismounted and overcame the fences, and the sight was well worth the trouble. There was a solid sea of merino wool, broken at places, where one sheep had been squeezed up on to the top of the mass, and was walking over the yielding plain of wool, and as they moved to and fro there was a rumbling murmur of multitudinous feet which exactly recalls Virgil's—

*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*"

Ringed behind them were the overseer and the shepherds, all mounted, with their dogs. A wiry lot of men these, and remarkably intelligent. No less than the men who go down to the sea in ships do they see the works of the Lord, and their close and constant communion with Nature renders them the most interesting of companions. It may be of interest to note that their wages are from £40 to £50 a year, with food, lodging, and horses, and that they are worth every penny of it.

At the invitation of Mr. King, the men crossed the fences for a glass of beer or whisky and a talk, and then set to work to demolish so much of one of them as would enable the vehicles to pass, and I was amazed at the ingenuity with which, having no tools, they used a stirrup-iron and a piece of twisted iron. Still, finally, there were three obstinate wires left, and over these, tied together in the middle, so that there might be but one obstacle, we drove with a whoop and a cheer. Hence,

to the outskirts of Tamworth, the way was easy, for the passage of the fence had brought us into the ordinary cattle track running alongside the railway. Into Tamworth itself we did not enter then, but, skirting it, went on to a spot where some 500 shorthorns had been mustered, representing as prices then were some £5,000. Even at the worst of times of agricultural depression they would have been worth more at home, for they were a level and a beefy lot, and some of them were prize winners every inch. Next came an exhibition of buck jumping, which the rider took with masterly good humour, remarking of the horse, "he is a vicious beast, but he has got tired of it." Then came a novel hare drive, with the mob of 500 cattle for beaters. They were driven away, straight towards a creek (which happened to have no water in it), and we were directed to keep in line on their right, shooting such hares disturbed by them as might come within range. As beaters the cattle were erratic and inconsiderate of the shooters, but we walked up quite enough hares and weird kangaroo rats to have really good sport for an hour or more. Finally, rejoining the carriages, after an hour in the bush twilight, with plenty of shooting, and the air alive with the screaming of parrots and the reports of guns, we reached Tamworth in time for a prodigious dinner before rejoining our train. After that my next memory is of halting somewhere for an excellent breakfast the next morning, and of returning to Sydney with the consciousness that two days could not have been better spent. It is a detail, but an innocent detail, that our kindly hosts dined with us very merrily that evening, and that in the interval I had a private audience of an Australian contralto whose voice will most certainly electrify London next season. To witness if I am a false prophet, let me add that her name is Miss Alice Hollander; after all, it cannot matter if I am wrong.

## THE DECLINE OF KITCHENS.—II.

SOME ANCIENT EXAMPLES OF THE HOMES OF CAKE AND ALE.

WE left this doubly attractive subject, attractive both from the architectural and gastronomic point of view, where it had reached its artistic best, in the Abbot's kitchen at Glastonbury in the thirteenth century. The danger that the

enormous fires might burn down the castle or abbey was perhaps the reason why these isolated kitchens were built. When not detached they were always on the ground floor, in order to be remote from the woodwork of the general structure of the roof. If there were any rooms above, or if the kitchen was in a tower, as was sometimes the case, it was vaulted over with stone for greater security. We give an illustration of the

kitchen at Alnwick Castle. This is a most interesting interior, because a great deal of the kind of kitchen furniture used in the mediæval castles is still there and in daily use. The extremely thick table, made of a slab of oak, is seen in front. On one side is the proper butcher's chopping-block, which formed part of the necessary equipment of all baronial kitchens, and appears in old MSS. and illuminations. The modern hot cupboards in front have taken the place of the old plate warmers and chafing

dishes. But the meat is still roasted by jacks in the proper old-fashioned way on the other side of the oak screen, which keeps off the fire's fierce heat from the working part of the room. On the right is a splendid collection of spits, roasters, branders, and other implements of steel, for use on the wheels which the jacks turn. In the photograph of John of Gaunt's kitchen, at Canford Manor, we see an instance of one of the oldest patterns of the

"whole-ox-roasting" fireplace. From the dimensions of this we may form some notion of the danger caused by these enormous fireplaces. One of them now holds a complete modern kitchen, a large hot cupboard, and three sinks. The contrast of the old and the new is rendered additionally striking by the use of electric light in what is, structurally, a perfect and uninjured Plantagenet kitchen. Another interesting example, showing how little alteration there was in the general idea of building them, is the Old Kitchen, Hampton Court. The fireplaces are as low and as wide as those at Canford. Also, be it noticed, our remote predecessors had discovered what was afterwards forgotten, and only lately rediscovered—that a shallow fire-

place—narrow from front to back—gives out far more heat than a deep one. That on the left is not more than 2ft. from back to front.

The scale on which the great Lord Cardinal kept house is well known. At Hampton Court he had two kitchens, one to prepare the food for his retainers, the other to cater for his own table. His master cook sat in a little room just off the main chamber, and gave his orders thence. It is called the Master Cook's Chamber. Eighty assistant cooks, yeomen of the kitchen,



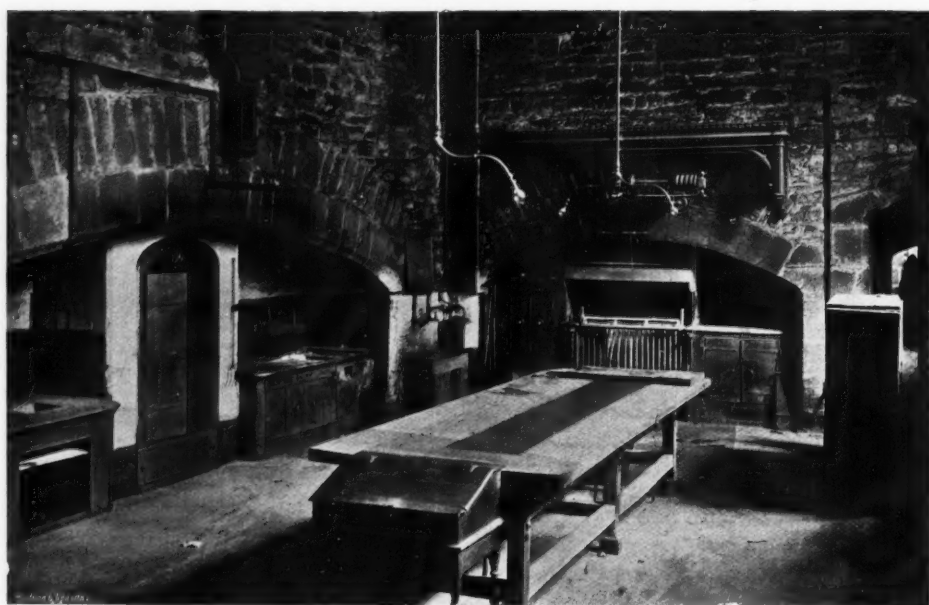
J. Valentine and Son. VAULTED KITCHEN, ALNWICK CASTLE.

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and labourers of the buttery, ewery, cellary, wafery, saucery, scalding house, cellar, bakehouse and pastery, circulated around this palatial home of cakes and ale. Henry VIII. added still more to this department. He built a new kitchen, and an infinite number of other offices for which it would be difficult in these days to find equivalents. But domestic economy was more centralised then than now. Some of the names of these offices

may suggest uses for which the present writer is at a loss to account. He built a chaundry, a squillery, a sellery, and a leather house. The squillery was, according to the note in Mr. Ernest Law's first volume of "The History of Hampton Court," from which these details are culled, from the old French *écuillerie*, the office for platters. The sellery was probably a salt house, and the leather house where the feathers of the swarms of ducks and chickens eaten were dried and prepared for making into feather beds. Of the kitchens now left, the one shown here remains in its original state. It is 40ft. long, 28ft. wide, and its fireplaces are 18ft. broad! In a separate kitchen for cooking fish there is a curious oval oven and a Tudor grate.

When Guild Halls were really the places where the members of a guild of craftsmen or merchants met and dined, they had a very complete apparatus attached for providing the materials of the feast. Ever since the sour reformers of the early days of Edward VI. confiscated the property of these guilds all over England, except in the City of London—where they were too powerful and respected then, as, indeed, they are now, to be lightly meddled with—most of these old halls have been stripped of their equipments and turned to other purposes, or destroyed altogether. A few have been let alone, or were turned into town halls when a borough was established in post-Reformation days. In the City of Coventry the ancient St. Mary's Hall is still intact, and its kitchen also, which is used for its original purpose. The mantelpiece is of stone, corbelled out over the fireplace. The chimney goes up between two windows, occupying



J. Valentine & Sons. JOHN OF GAUNT'S KITCHEN, CANFORD MANOR. Copyright



J. Valentine & Sons. FIREPLACE AT ST. MARY'S HALL, COVENTRY. Copyright

the whole space between the two lights. The dressers are of slate, and the wall between the kitchen and the serving passage is of plaster and immense oak beams. The fine arches of the twelfth century, with the supporting angel on the corbel, are as sound as ever. The picture of Lady Godiva hangs appropriately over the serving passage door.

Most of the embellishments, such as stags' skulls and horns, hung up in ancient baronial

kitchens to-day are probably modern embellishments, and quite wrong in sentiment. A mediæval baron would not have thought of hanging up such an eminently aristocratic object as a deer's horns in his kitchen, though he very likely did in his hall if the head were a fine one. We know that the former barons made a practice of this. Wherefore I venture to think that the stag's horns hung up on the walls of the kitchen of Aston Manor, Birmingham, are all wrong, though probably the ox's skull and the sheep's heads are right and appropriate enough. There was a carnivorous custom—which must date from remote antiquity, when men looked on the possession of meat as rather an indication of wealth, just as African savages do now—of keeping in the larder, and especially on the outdoor safes and larders of large houses, an image of a bull's head, as if it had been just chopped off. I remember what was, perhaps, the last of these unpleasant emblems at a large house in Yorkshire. In a shady yew grove, close to the kitchens and offices, hung a very old meat cage, suspended by a chain from a tree. Coming in from shooting, I came down the shrubbery which ended in this grove, looking for a cock pheasant which had flown into it, and had something like a shock when



G. W. Wilson & Co. ASTON MANOR, BIRMINGHAM. Copyright



I saw lying on the ground under the tree a hideous black bull's head. It looked like a disgusting piece of carrion. An inspection showed that it was only the skin of the head nailed on to a roughly-hewn piece of wood, a good deal of the hair being still on the skin. But the whole arrangement was evidently an old survival, and, as I thought, a very nasty one.

In most of the views shown in this and the preceding article, the roasting apparatus has been that most in evidence. But baking and boiling were also done on a great scale by the old cooks. For boiling anything like a square meal, as it was then understood, they did not use such trifling and childish things as saucepans, which were used, literally, for making sauces only. They boiled their beef and puddings in coppers. That is what we should call them now, but I rather fancy that they were originally called cauldrons. The copper fell much from its high

regards their use on weekdays as a singular and offensive affectation.) But the coppers were properly meant for boiling food on a large scale. I remember their use quite well when two or three dozen old people, patriarchs of the

village and very much respected, used to come up to dinner on Christmas Day. The beef was always roasted in one kitchen, and the puddings—like a pile of round shot, but the best that could be made—were boiled in two coppers in another kitchen. The steam filled the place for about two days, and our part of the fun was fishing out the puddings (not for our own consumption) with special "Hophni and Phineas" implements, which we manufactured according to

specimens shown in Charles Knight's illustration to the Old Testament.

At Boston Town Hall, in the singularly archaic and ancient cooking quarter, there surviving, the arrangements for



G. W. Wilson & Co. OVENS AND COPPERS AT BOSTON TOWN HALL.

Copyright.



Catford.

THE CARDINAL'S KITCHEN, HAMPTON COURT.

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estate in later days, and was used mainly for boiling the linen on washing days. (Your modern artisan or rivetter always calls the starched linen garments worn by the classes whose work is not inseparable from coal dust and iron filings, boiled shirts, and

roasting, baking, and boiling are all shown. In front are three coppers, with the furnaces remaining under two of them; next comes a brick oven, in the corner; and then two fireplaces, on the same side, with the jack-wheels over them, and another

fireplace and oven at the end. On the right are a number of the original kitchen tables and dressers.

I notice in the introduction to the "Paston Letters" that the Earl of Warwick had six oxen per diem roasted in his "lodgings" in London.

C. J. CORNISH.

## FIRST LESSONS IN . . . BATTING for SMALL BOYS.

OF the several plans that I have experimented with from time to time when teaching small boys to handle a bat, I offer the following as a sound workable one, that will be found in practice to answer its purpose. Begin without a ball, pitch your wickets 14yds. or 15yds. apart, and mark a white line straight down the pitch from one middle stump to the other (we shall call this the "line of play").

Place the boy in position (photograph 1), and in doing so take care that his right foot is (1) clear of the leg stump, (2) at right angles to the line of play, (3) opposite the blockhole, which you make on the line. Begin now with leg drill. Teach him to stand balancing his body on the right leg, and then to lunge



J. D. Blake. PLACING THE BOY IN POSITION. Copyright

or "straddle" out, getting the legs as far apart as possible and throwing the weight on to the left foot (photograph 4). The moment his left foot touches the ground, shout "back," and bring him smartly back into the original position balancing himself on his right leg. Do not let him bend the knees inward during this exercise.

Continue this exercise "out," "back," till he has learnt something of the art of balance. Although in no treatise on cricket that I know of is the principle insisted on as underlying straight play, any cricketer if he thinks for a moment will see that forward defensive play depends just as much on correct balance of the body as the outside edge does in skating.

You can only teach one thing at a time, so concentrate yourself on the leg drill first, letting bat and hands take their chance till some facility in this has been attained. Then for the actual stroke. Make the child first hold his bat with the left hand only (photograph 2), and swing it gently by a motion of the wrist, pendulum fashion, up and down over and along the line of play; as it swings up towards the wicket behind him let him clutch it with the right hand (photograph 3). The object of this plan is at once apparent, for the direction backwards and forwards in which the bat is now moving is the one which it must take for all strokes of defence and straight driving.

Now get your pupil into a good swinging lashing stroke, and make him hit as hard as he can at an imaginary ball at his feet,



J. D. Blake. BAT IN LEFT HAND ONLY. Copyright

swishing the bat through the air along the line of play. As he strikes, the impetus of the stroke will bring his left foot forward in the manner taught; see that it comes forward far and freely; do not let him finish the stroke with the bat swung round his body, towards square-leg; let the end always be over the line of play, and when he "straddles," in making the swish, see that the knees are not bent, and that the left foot is not pointed towards you, but parallel with the right foot.

Next give him a ball. Let him stand holding the bat in his left hand (as in photograph 2) and the ball in his right, then make him gently "chuck" the ball straight up, swing back the bat, grip with his right, and as the ball drops at his feet hit it as hard as he can on the half volley along the line of play. The point of impact is under his chin, the whole exercise is one continuous motion.

I need not explain the use of this exercise to any cricketer; what I claim for it is that it teaches a child to acquire forward play, not as a "push" but as a stroke. The fatal mistake of so many instructors is to teach a boy to acquire this forward motion—commonly called playing with a straight bat—as a push. Thus acquired, it is a most pitiful accomplishment in a small boy. The motions he goes through with his arms when thus taught to push forward are very much the same as those of a hodman unloading a cartful of bricks by tossing them three or four at a



Blake. CLUTCHED WITH THE RIGHT HAND. Copyright



time to his mate. The arms are perfectly rigid, nothing is done with the wrists. What motion and force there is comes from the shoulders. But if the stroke is taught as a hit later on, as the difficulties of "timing" come to be mastered, it will turn of itself into a defensive forward stroke.

When you begin to bowl at your pupil, I will commit a "bull" and say do not bowl, throw, or rather "flick." Stand a dozen or fourteen yards off and keep flicking down gentle half volleys on his middle stump, which he must hit back along the line of play. When you vary this with length balls, show him how by loosening his grip with the *right* hand, and by suddenly making rigid his left wrist and forearm at the moment of impact, he can, though swinging quite easily and loosely forward, keep almost any ball down, without poking or pushing. I need not say that the lightest possible bat and a small ball are necessary.

The object of the plan thus briefly described is to get a boy into a really free style from the very start; in a short time he will thus acquire a good forward defensive stroke which is neither a poke nor a push, and it must be noticed that everything depends on the development of the work done by the *left*



J. D. Blake.

"STRADDLING" OUT.

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hand, wrist, and forearm. This controls the direction of the bat along the line of play. The child naturally wants to do everything with his right hand.

T. PELLATT.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE VALUE OF ANNUAL FLOWERS.

FLOWER gardeners do not yet seem to realise the immense value of annual flowers, not merely to give beauty to gardens already established, but to bring colour and a sense of maturity to quite new places. The writer was in a garden recently which had quite a matured look, although in the winter it was quite a waste. The work of making the beds and planting was pushed along rapidly, and in the spring seeds of the best annuals for colour were sown freely, with the result that at the present moment there are rich groups of flowers in the borders. Such a result is, of course, impossible in any other way. In such a case a free use should be made of the Sweet Peas. These were sown with great freedom, and made delightful masses at the back of the borders. Their delicate and pure shades of colour are beautiful to see upon the plant; but then there is another use—that is, for filling bowls in the house. A bowlful or vase of one or two soft shades is welcome always, and both in the house and open garden their sweet fragrance is appreciated. It is so inexpensive to raise these flowers in quantity from seed, and their beauty is so long and lasting that we are not surprised Sweet Peas should have been written much about of late years. One great point is to get good colours. Select the varieties that please one most while they are now in bloom, and avoid magentas and the speckled and spashed varieties. These are a mistake. Eckford has given us some good kinds, but when he offers these he is introducing flowers of decidedly poor colouring.

How fine a colour is Marigold Orange King, a full rich orange, and the clear pure rose of the *Lavatera trimestris* is good also, while the *Salpiglossis* are a revelation. We were much interested in a superb seedling in this new garden of annuals, a very large intense purple; but the *Salpiglossis* have a

remarkable diversity of colours—yellow, crimson, creamy white, purple, and many delightfully-striped flowers, or veining, which is a better description. We notice in "Gardening for Beginners," the new book recently added to the "COUNTRY LIFE Library," a full description of the *Salpiglossis*; but it has an unfortunate trait of dying off. This is vexatious when the groups occupy any conspicuous place. In this book it is mentioned as a very graceful annual, and a well-known gardener writes as follows: "I think I may safely say that one reason why *Salpiglossis* are not more often seen in gardens is the aggravating habit they have of dying off wholesale, and leaving blanks in the beds or borders. I feel perfectly safe in tracing the cause of this tiresome habit to the method recommended for cultivation, *i.e.*, raising the plants in warmth, and treating them as half-hardy annuals. If growers were content to leave the seeds in the packets until May, and then sow where the plants are to remain, there would be no fear of blanks, and very much better growth would result. A check to growth is the great bane of this and a few other tender annuals, the *Zinnias* for instance." The seeds of *Salpiglossis* germinate very quickly, and make a display by the full summer. Those in the garden referred to were in full flower in early July, and without a failure. The seeds were not raised in heat, for the good reason that no heated glass-house exists in the place.

### THE TIGER LILY.

Before July is over the earliest flowers of the true *L. tigrinum* (which is the first of this section to expand) make their welcome appearance, and with the later flowered forms, a succession of Tiger Lilies is maintained throughout August and often well on into September. Introduced by Captain Kirkpatrick, of the East India Company's Service in 1804, *L. tigrinum* shares with *L. odorum*, brought home at the same time and by the same gentleman, the honour of being the first Eastern Lily to reach this country. The future career of the two was, however, very different, as *L. tigrinum* soon became popular, and is now universally cultivated, whereas the other has always proved a difficult Lily to keep, and was lost for years, while now the stock in this country is maintained principally by annual introductions. Intending purchasers would do well to bear in mind that *Lilium japonicum* Colchesteri is the same as *L. odorum*, while what constitutes the true *L. japonicum* seems to be a very doubtful matter.

Given a good sandy loam *L. tigrinum* is one of the most satisfactory of outdoor Lilies, and flowering as it does after most members of the genus are over, its value as a garden Lily is still further enhanced. In many districts, however, the bulbs are apt to deteriorate unless lifted every second or third year and replanted, whereas in some places they hold their own permanently.

The principal varieties of the Tiger Lily are: First, *splendens* or *Leopoldi*, which in common with so many other delightful plants we owe to M. Max Lechtlin, of Baden-Baden. In this variety the flowers are larger, and of a much brighter colour than the ordinary form, while the spots, though fewer, are of a greater size. The stem, too, is very dark in colour and quite smooth, whereas all the others are more or less woolly. The next to mention—*flor pleno*—is the best example of a double Lily that we have, but whether it is as pretty as the single varieties is at least a very open question. The duplex character of the blossoms is caused by the increased number of petals, which overlap each other in a regular manner. A third variety is *Fortunei*, the buds and stems of which are very woolly, the flowers rather paler, while it is also later in expanding than the common kind. Huge quantities of bulbs of this have of late years been sent from Japan during the winter months. Planted under favourable conditions the stems reach a height of from 5 ft. to 6 ft., and bear a large pyramidal-shaped head of flower.

A feature of the Tiger Lily is the production of a large number of bulbils in the axils of the leaves, by means of which they can be readily increased. These bulbils also occur plentifully in the Burmese *L. sulphureum* (*Wallichianum superbum*), and to a somewhat lesser extent in the European *L. bulbiferum*.

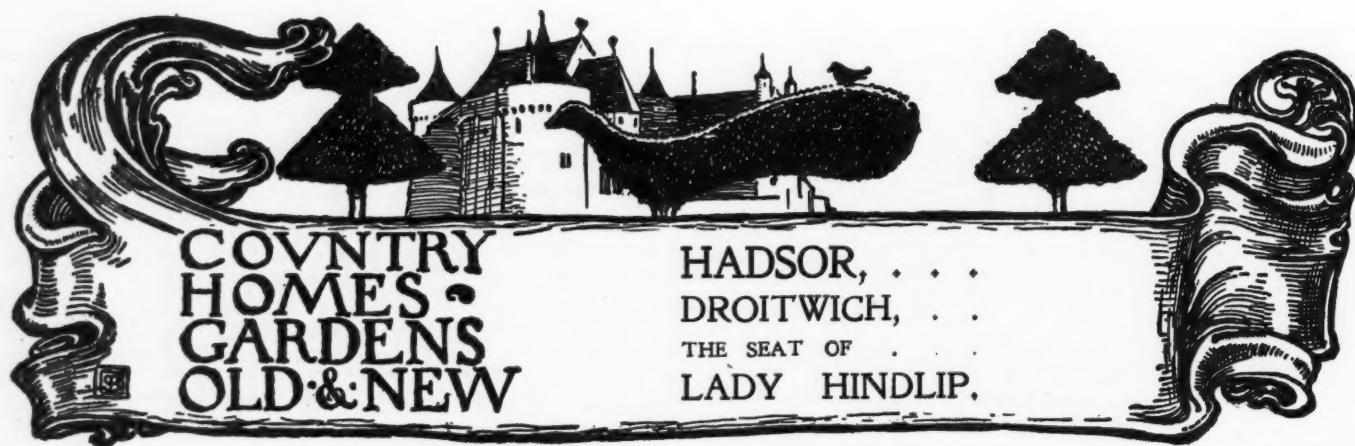
### HYBRID TEA ROSE TENNYSON.

"W." writes: "This splendid Rose, raised by Messrs. W. Paul and Son, of Waltham Cross, must become a great favourite with the exhibitor, and it will, doubtless, be as frequently seen in the first-prize boxes as the Tea Rose *Medea*, the Hybrid Tea *White Lady*, or the Hybrid *Perpetuals* *Pride of Waltham*, *Star of Waltham*, and *Beauty of Waltham*, all well-tried and valuable exhibition varieties introduced by the same firm. I doubt if there be a more substantial or lasting Rose among the Hybrid Teas than Tennyson. This is an excellent quality in an exhibition flower, and doubly valuable in a hot season. But it is not only a show Rose. It is a good garden Rose, too. I do not mean to say that it is a rampant grower, for it is not, but its growths are stiff and sturdy. It is a first-rate kind for a bed, where a tall growing kind would be out of place. Its creamy white blossoms have a very high centre, the point as regularly formed as a Catherine Mermet, and the outer petals are pointed after the manner of a *Marechal Niel*. Personally, I have a great liking for Roses which have undoubtedly sprung from *Lady Mary FitzWilliam*. They make perfect pot and bedding varieties. A Standard plant of *White Lady*, grown under glass, this year produced as many as thirty-six fine blooms, and all developed about the same time. If *White Lady* will do this, I look forward to the time when Tennyson, which is a seedling of the latter, will do likewise." [It is very seldom a garden Rose is of first-rate exhibition value too. We like the colouring of this good Rose, and have noticed it on many occasions this year.—ED.]

### LAVATERA TRIMESTRIS.

Annual flowers are not sufficiently valued, but among them are colours of much beauty, pure selfs, effective, and good in every way. The *Lavatera* was the most striking flower in a garden we visited recently, quite a newly-made garden, but so matured in look that it seemed impossible to realise that six months ago it was a place of nettles, dock, and a hundred kinds of weeds, left to themselves for half a century. Big bushes of the *Lavatera* were covered with large pure rose-coloured flowers, which keep their pure tone to the last. The plants or bushes, for we may call them so, were 3 ft. to 4 ft. high, leafy to the soil, and of quite a pretty shape. One border in this garden was wholly of annuals, Sweet Peas, well chosen as to colour, Orange King Marigold, Mignonette, *Lavatera*, a full pink annual *Larkspur*, French Marigold, Virginia Stock, and others.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



THE pleasant county of Worcester is famous for its many fine houses, great churches, and picturesque villages. It is a county of orchards, gardens, and cornfields—though there are now fewer of these than of yore—where the rustic cottages are garlanded with flowers, and the great houses stand bravely in

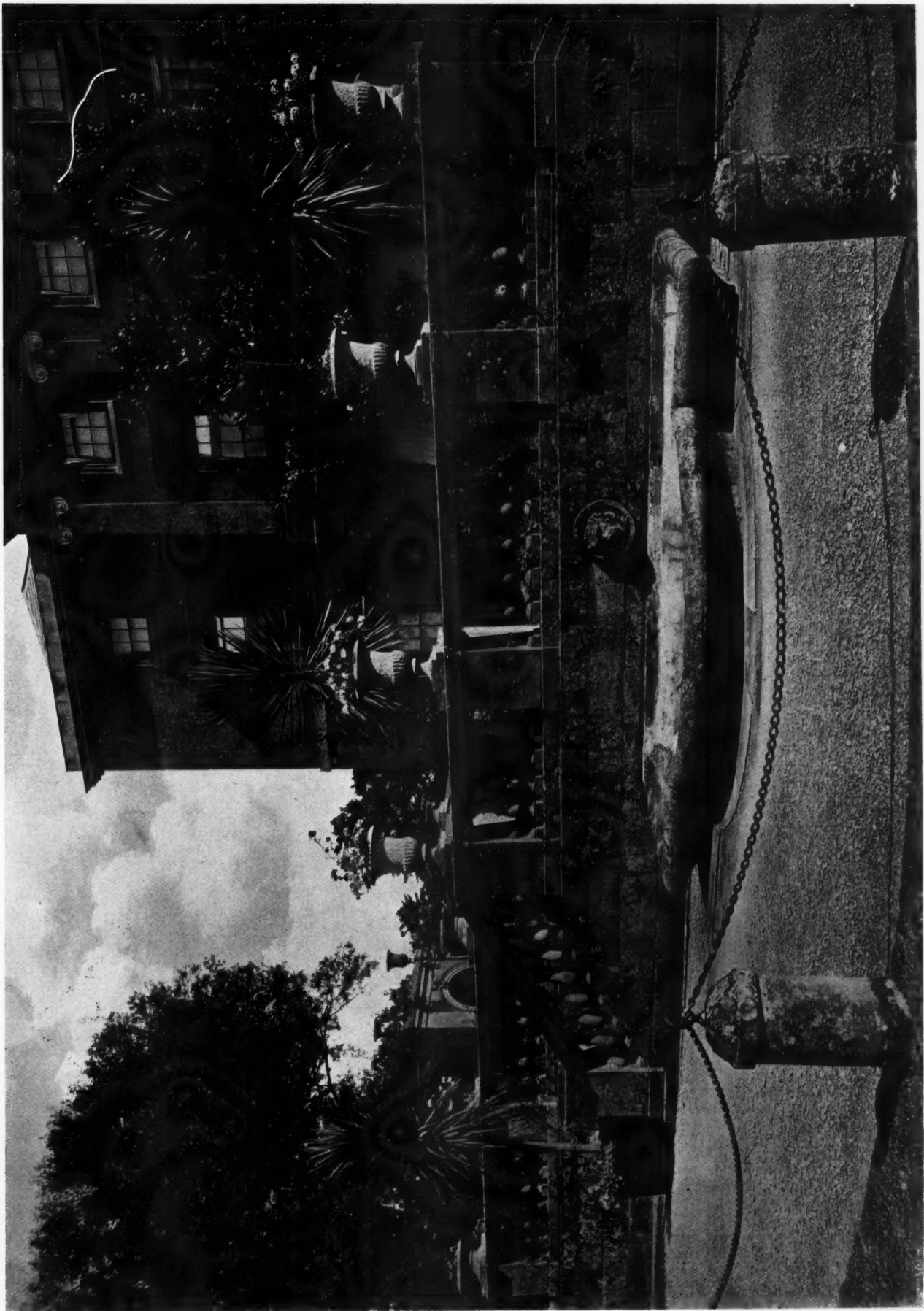
the midst of great domains. Its rural fame of rare productiveness is of ancient date, for William of Malmesbury describes it thus: "A land rich in corn, productive of fruits in some parts by the sole favour of Nature, in others by the art of cultivation, enticing even the lazy to industry by the prospect of a hundred-fold return; you may see the highway clothed with trees that produce apples, not by the grafter's hand, but by the nature of the ground itself, for the earth of its own account rears them up to fruit in excellence of flavour and appearance, many of which wither not under a year, nor before the new crops are produced to supply their place." Robert of Gloucester, too, referred to the rich fruitage of Worcester-shire where he describes the character of various places in England:

"In the country of Canterbury much fish is,  
And most chase of wild beasts about Salisbury, I wis;  
At London, ships most, and wine at Winches'er,  
At Hertford, sheep and oxen, and fruit at Worcester."

The 700 years which have witnessed so many changes in England, and have done so many things to astonish us, have not surprised Worcester-shire out of the fame of its fruit harvests. Many a fine orchard you may see in the neighbourhood of Hadsor, which itself, one of the prettiest villages in the county, affords abundant subjects for the pencil of the artist in the picturesqueness of its half-timbered cottages, wreathed with flowers to the very gables. Here stands the fine house of imposing aspect which we depict, plain in its classic severity, but expressive both of domestic comfort and of cultured leisure. It is a place of some antiquity, altered and modernised by its present owner, Major Hubert George Howard Galton, R.A., or his predecessor. The Amphletts were former owners here; and of them several monuments may be seen in the village church, which is a fine Decorated structure possessing some ancient glass. Here, also, is a memorial brass of the late John Howard Galton of Hadsor Hall. The church stands near the house, as was the custom in olden times, when it was often but a stone's throw from the cradle of the







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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—HADSOR HOUSE: THE TERRACE.

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THE WEST FRONT.

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THE TERRACE GARDEN.

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child to the place where his aged bones should lie. Mr. Galton did a great deal to beautify Hadsor, and his fine taste may be seen in many parts of the structure and its surroundings. Within is a fine and valuable collection of pictures, including admirable portraits by Reynolds of the sixth Duke of Hamilton and his wife, one of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings," who, says Walpole, married him in Mayfair Chapel, at half-past twelve at night, in February, 1752, and whom the noble mob were so anxious to see, when she was presented at the Drawing Room after her marriage, that they clambered upon tables and chairs to look at her. There are examples at Hadsor also of Vandyck, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Mytens, Cuyp, Berghem, Morland, and many more; as well as sculpture by Thorwaldsen and Canova. These, and the rich plenishings of the stately rooms, are beautiful



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TERRACE STEPS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

features at Hadsor; but they are rivalled by the attractions without, where the garden is a most successful example of harmonious grouping, very charming and reposeful in character.

There were old gardens and pleasure grounds here, but the late Mr. Galton remodelled them entirely, and they were laid out with the assistance of eminent gardeners. The situation was favourable for good garden effects, for the sheltered position and deep rich soil favour the growth of tender things; and it will be seen that in tubs and vases palms are finely grown. A broad and ample terrace extends before the house, excellently laid out with flower-beds. Let it be noticed how appropriate is the character. Such a house as Hadsor Hall



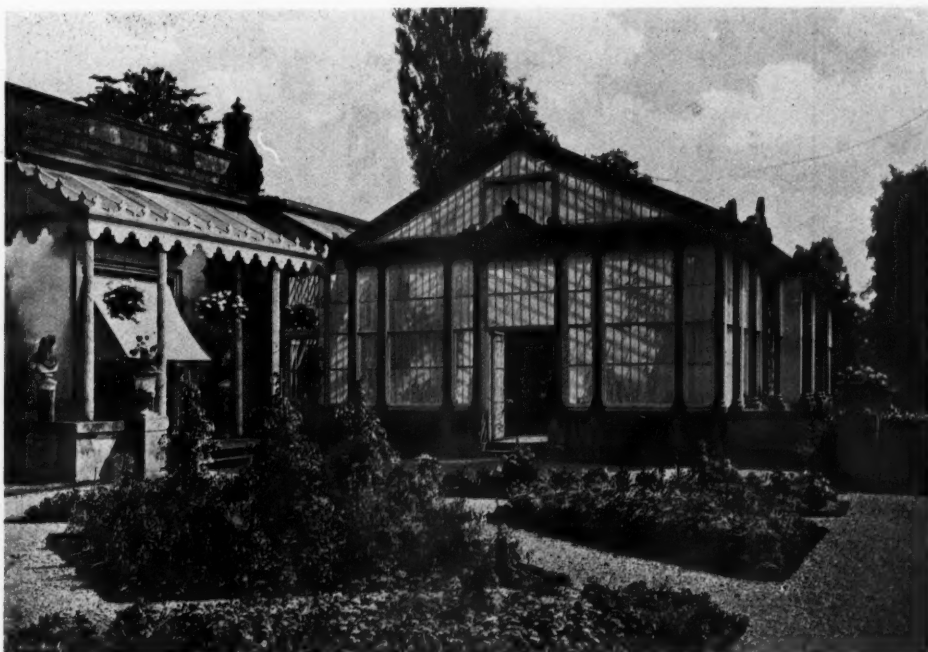
Copyright STRAWBERRY BARREL ON TERRACE. "C.L."

seems to demand a terrace to complete its architectural effect. Here is one example, then, of the manner in which the spirit of the house is carried into its surroundings. There is no gulf between the mansion and its gardens, and we pass from the terrace by the steps to the lower lawn, with the feeling that the architectural character is fading into the landscape and the woodland as we go.

The garden architect has wrought excellent things in stone at this house. The finely-worked balustrades and the masonry supporting walls are as good as could be wished, and the many vases which adorn the place are all of the best. We have seen gardens where finely-sculptured vases were gleaming objects to be admired; but at Hadsor they fall into the garden composition,

and are rich in over-growing masses of flowers. A surprisingly beautiful colour-effect is gained by making such vases as these, brilliant points of glowing hue to contrast with the cool stonework and the various greens of lawns and trees.

The garden seat is an extremely pleasing example of what we have said, for stone and flower growth are here brought together in satisfactory fashion. What more pleasant place could we wish than this in which to welcome the vernal



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A GARDEN SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sun, or in the fading autumn to catch the glow of his fading beams? The flower vases here are particularly fine, and the splendid yew hedge behind is the foil that enhances the charm. For in the matter of well-hedged gardens, again, Hadsor is as we should wish it to be. The trim lines of these well-kept hedges remind us that in the "ductile yew" and box we are able, without grotesqueness or exaggeration, if we will, to express something of architectural character; and thus the hedge or the formal bush may be the link between the house and its green surroundings.

There is an attractive circular garden, full of beautiful things, and enclosed by an excellent box hedge, with notable variety in the manner in which it is cut. Nothing can exceed

the green beauty of box when the leaves are fresh in spring, and this effect adds special beauty to the pleasure grounds of Hadsor. Let it not be supposed, however, from what has been said, that formality of terrace and hedge is dominant here. On the contrary, from the terrace and the hedged garden we pass to emerald lawns amid finely-grown ornamental and other trees. We may linger in the sweet-scented dell, where the beauty of Nature seems untrammelled, and explore many a region of delight in these beautiful gardens and woods.

From such a garden wandering we return with the impression that Hadsor is a place wherein an excellent artistic idea has found embodiment. It is a study of harmony and of contrast, in which, from opposites, and from things of like nature, we find developed a spirit of completeness that is delightful. Hadsor, indeed, though not one of the most imposing places in Worcestershire, is one that deserves special consideration for the harmony and beauty of its architecture and its garden.

## HABITS OF GAME.

**H**OW best to set the gun to work is the great object of the man who takes a moor for dog work, just as it is also his who takes a moor for driving the grouse. I have lately been looking through some notes which, having been made on the spot, may lend themselves to support some sound arguments that have been used by others, and may, besides, be useful to those very junior grouse shooters whose experience is less than my own.

One of the most important points to be observed is unquestionably the manner in which the gunner should walk up to a dog's point. Some years ago Sir John Edwards-Moss, than



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THE CIRCULAR BOX-HEDGED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



whom no better sportsman goes North, wrote to me on the charms of October grouse shooting over dogs in Sutherlandshire. He said that in October he had frequently killed twenty brace a day to his own gun; but that it was only by observing the habits of game, and acting as if you respected them, that you could do anything of the kind. Last year Mr. Cheetham in the Lews killed about forty brace in a single October day over his Irish setters; so that it may be taken that grouse in the West Highlands have not altered their habits since the letter to which I refer, which was written about fifteen years ago. When I say they have not altered their habits I should explain that I mean they have not done so where they have been left to nature. On the other hand, where they have been crossed with Yorkshire grouse, the thing is quite different, and a few days ago I came across a letter in which it was stated that an owner of shooting in Skye had lately crossed his birds with Yorkshire grouse (this was about sixteen years ago), and the result had been that the new stock had given up their confiding habits of sitting to dogs all the season, and had limited their weakness to the first three weeks of the shooting season. My friend who gave me the information thought it quite extraordinary that the produce of Yorkshire grouse should have sat to dogs even on August 12th. It was only last year that I recorded in these columns an intention on the part of the Lews proprietor to import fresh blood there, and at that time I could not put my finger on the evidence which I have now repeated about results in Skye. I believe that in Arran the Duke of Hamilton's keeper also declares dead against importations of wild grouse. They have, I believe, tried it, and do not like the results; at any rate, they stick to dogs in the island, and they evidently know when they are well off.

Although it is quite impossible to make fair bags of grouse over dogs in the greater part of Scotland in October, or even at the end of August, the plan set out by Sir John Edwards-Moss for walking up to a dog's point will prolong the dogging season anywhere, if the spirit of it is followed out thoroughly. After pointing to the well-known objection that all wild birds have to sitting still when man is walking directly at them, he indicated his belief that the best plan of getting up to birds inclined to move is for two guns to go up, one each side the pointing dog, and wide of him, so as to get some 60yds. ahead



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## INTERIOR OF THE CONSERVATORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the dog and 30yds. apart from each other, and when there, and not till then, the worker of the dog should draw him up to the game. The plan is excellent, and provided the man hunting the dog knows what to do with himself while the guns are getting in position ahead, it is good enough for pretty wild grouse. But the hunter of the dog must not stand still, even for a second, nor must he approach his dog in a direct line for the game either. If he does, the grouse will be up and off as a matter of course, just as they would have been had one or other of the guns walked straight for them. The dog man may be somewhat difficult to convince that he is doing wrong when he goes direct to his dog, with the everlasting "to-ho" and hand in air; but although there are plenty of broods that will stand all this, there are plenty more that will not do so. Still, it requires a young shooter to have plenty of determination to make a Scotch keeper behave in the slightest way differently from his grandfather in the times of William



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## THE WEST WALK AT HADSOR HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Scrope and St. John. I do not envy anybody the task, although I do know how much more weighty the bag will be if the shooter is successful in introducing this newer thing on his moors. But there is a better way even than this of going up to a dog's point when grouse are a little wilder still, and as it is one I have put in practice myself against a pack of grouse standing on a hillock with their heads up and to be seen against the sky-line a quarter of a mile away, I will venture to describe it.

As a rule, when grouse are packed in this way they do not take much interest in a dog pointing them some distance off. Grouse in the early part of the season will often run with their heads up, or walk away from the dog, jerking their tails like a moorhen, but when they stand still with their heads up they mean to fly, and that is why, when a shot is obtained at them under such circumstances, the utmost possible to be done has been done. On this occasion there were two guns and the keeper, and we all formed in single file and started off to describe a wide circle round the grouse, at first not nearer to them than 150 yds. or more. When we had got the dog on the other side of them we were still much too far off to shoot, so we had to continue the rising until we had completely gone round them and again got the opposite side of them from the position of the pointing dog. We got in four shots, and scored with all, and this was at grouse which would certainly have been off 100 yds. away had they been approached in the direct line or the usual way of walking up to a dog's point. I need hardly say that the kind of dog which wants "to-ho" and the hand up, or the Badminton Library example, would not do for this kind of work; all the same, sportsmen do like to succeed in the difficult, and I can honestly say those four shots were worth all the day's bag besides.

But there is something more than bag filling to be considered, and also to be said for both these methods of walking up to a point. It is that by these plans, even early in August, when there is no need for stratagem in order to make sure of filling the bag, there is need of it having regard to next year's bag. The old cocks are the greatest vermin on the moor, and I am afraid that is true of them, even when they have been the fathers of beautiful broods, which, by the way, they desert on the approach of danger, generally rising well wide of their children and the mother. That is the reason why walking up to dogs in the most orthodox manner is never on a grouse moor following the stern of the pointing dog. Of course, if a shooter works his own dogs, he is often enough obliged to do so; but when dogs are hunted, as is general, by some third person, the way to walk up to a dog is not to walk up to him, but to walk wide of the place he indicates as the position of the objects of his point. In this way very few old cocks which have had broods will escape. Moreover, a great number of others which hang on the outskirts of broods but never rise with them—old bachelors which have been useless in the past and are certain to be a nuisance in the future—will give chances to the guns which they never would give to any shooter at the stern of his dog.

Some years ago the late Sir Fred Milbank wrote me a letter of a very

interesting character, which was brimful of the natural history of grouse. He explained how driving did good to a moor, and his explanation was different from the accepted view, which had then lately been repeated by Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey in the Badminton Library. I need not repeat those views—they have plenty to recommend them; but I think Sir Fred Milbank's opinion is worthy of consideration. He explained that he had taken particular notice of the sex of the grouse he had slain under various conditions. On one occasion he had a bag of fourteen birds at lunch time in the Lews, all killed over dogs, and all hens, excepting two young cocks. On another occasion he was driving grouse, and he noticed that all the birds he killed out of a single big pack were in the proportion of six to one hens. The rest were young cocks. After this he set the keeper at the great Wemmergill Moor to watch for sexes killed under different conditions, and the result of this was that old cocks were never killed out of packs of 60 to 200 birds, but always came in ones, twos, and small numbers. The moral of this is that the greatest vermin on the moor suffers the most in driving, not because it leads the pack, but because it is not in the pack at all. When a shooter empties four barrels at a pack of 100 birds, he can but kill four; when, however, 100 singles and doubles pass his butt, he becomes a game preserver of the highest order if he accounts for a quarter of them, for then in all probability he will have obtained twenty-five old cocks. That was the reason which Sir Fred Milbank gave for the great increase of grouse which had taken place in his time, and it is more than likely that he was right. But if that is so, how very much more sportsmanlike it must be to get on, head the brood, and make pretty sure of the old cock in point shooting, than it is to walk up to the stern of the dog, follow him foot by foot until some of the brood flutter up, and to account for a brace of three-para's grown on, without ever shooting at your neighbour's birds. The latter is very good form; some would call it excellent; but it is a long way off the former, and, moreover, the dogs that are equal to the one are sometimes a very long way off the reliability which makes the other possible.

Sir Fred Milbank was one of the few shooters who have had the Lews grouse shootings, yet the charms of October did not have the attractions for him that they had in Sutherlandshire for Sir John Edwards-Moss. Many a time he came home, according to his own story, little pleased with moor, men, dogs, and grouse, and in the letter I have mentioned he affirms most heartily that no shooter who has ever tasted the delights of the grouse drive would ever go back to dogs and point shooting. Still, we do know shooters who enjoy each in turn and no thing long; but then they are not such as have killed between 700 and 800 grouse in a day to their own gun (it ought to be guns, but it does not sound right), taking their turn fairly with the other shooters; if they had been, they too might have despised dogs and ordinary good driving also for the self-same reason. Wemmergill in 1872 was enough to spoil a man for most other kinds of shooting.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## THE TEARS OF ALEXANDER PINTO.

ALEXANDER PINTO is a man of noble exterior, but the chambers of his mind are garnished with a furniture suited to flimsier ages than this; and, though he is a veritable child of the hour, I fear that he is no longer young enough to know better, that he has lost heart for earnestness. A misapprehension of Mr. Ruskin in early life, set him modelling himself on the lilies of the field: I have never known him spin; and he has for some years waged the life of a man about town with a luck so changing that the joy of the struggle has eaten into his soul. When at last his assured affluence overtakes him, it will wrest away the hazardous charm of his variegated existence, and leave him idle and blighted. For Fortune, as is her wont, has given him every weapon for this dandy's life, but denied him the resources which keep them keen and burnished.

I say that he is a child of the hour, because, when I consider the English dandies who are now setting the fashion in Elysium, I find them different. There is in Alexander Pinto none of the priggishness of Beau Brummel; he has possibly better manners and certainly a finer taste in the Arts than Lord Alvanley; he is, perhaps, liker Count D'Orsay. But he rises above them all in that he has the modern grace to take his dandyism with a less serious gravity than they.

His is a happy nature; the apostle, if not the discoverer, of the Carnival Spirit—the spirit which sends the happy man through life wearing a perpetual, imaginary false nose. Before Nietzsche taught dancing, Alexander Pinto danced in the London streets. One year, indeed, it was his humour to greet his acquaintance by waving a leg—warmer friends by waving either leg in turn—gracefully in the air; and when I have, on occasion, fallen in with his humour, and kicked high an answering greeting, I have seen the fretful Piccadilly crowd jerked into a gasping pause of irritated amazement. It is, in truth, a greeting less convenient to crowds than the more common handshake; and I remember that once my foot struck an inconsiderate passer-by with a violence which threw me most ungracefully off my balance. To Alexander Pinto's fine indifference to the man in the street its inconvenience recommends its use. More rarely, and at night, he will dance his joyous way home with loud singing, an action held vulgar by the sad suburbans, and therefore esteemed by him worthy the sanction of his practice.

But now and again his robust vitality, the well-spring of his joy of life, suffers eclipse. His gaiety is but a superstructure on a solid, hard foundation, so that even a woman's tears, an idle expression of emotion with which he is somewhat well acquainted,

awake in him only a vague annoyance. But the time is often coming when his creditors, the crumpled rose-leaves under the feather-bed of his modish life, prevent restfulness of soul, the proper air of the Carnival Spirit. He is, indeed, very stern and courteous with them; but at whiles the desire to have their money gets the better of the abounding admiration and respect he has inspired into them; and they talk in their vulgar fashion, and with a lack of vagueness very disquieting, of selling him up. Their horrid purpose preys upon his easy, sensitive mind till he sinks pitifully to a lower, almost querulous level. Only by an austere withholding of my sympathy, by gibes which lose in humour what they gain in unkindness, can I bring him back to life upon the lofty plain above the ill-dressed race of men.

Such a time came but lately; the Season was upon him, his clothes were not of a freshness to bear the brunt of it, and the thought of not being more finely dressed than anyone in London was corroding his soul. He had descended to making overtures to his creditors, with a view to enjoying a further credit; he had even conferred on a friend full power to talk of a composition; but the inclement month of May sours always the milk of human kindness, and they were inexorable. "No money, no clothes," was the curt phrase of his excellent tailor, doing an entirely seasonable violence to his usual extreme pride in dressing him.

The matter of hats was even more pressing; and, in a mood to fancy the worst, Alexander Pinto had fancied that the respect even of the man who irons them for him was lessening. Then he awoke one morning to find May in a passing, humaner mood. He went into the world "full of beans," as he phrased it to me—he will stoop, rarely, to a happy, slang phrase—and sought his hatter. The master-hatter was not in the shop, and Alexander Pinto asked the assistant, a stranger, if he thought it by the remotest chance possible that they had a hat that would suit him, and spare him the waiting for one to be made. The confident assistant was sure that they had, and only grew doubtful when Alexander Pinto had tried on a score, and rejected each without a second look. But late among the second score, Alexander Pinto—I cannot bring myself to the familiar Alexander—set his uneasiness at rest by finding one which he admitted, grudgingly, was as nearly as good as one made for him, "Though," he added, "it is not really the same thing." Then he bade the assistant send his old hat to his chambers, and set down the price of his new one in his account, an account which had dragged on wearily five unrefreshed years. The man, deeply impressed by the difficulty of pleasing him, and ignorant





M. Emil Frechon.

FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

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of the condition of his account, promised to follow his instructions; and Alexander Pinto, in the pride of his diplomacy and the joy of his new possession, came out of the shop on very light feet.

It would seem that Fortune conceived herself affronted by his success. That night he dined out; when he left the friendly house, he found his white waistcoat confronting the bitter blast of May returned to her iciness, and hailed a cab. As he was stepping into it, the cabman, gin-sodden against the cold, set his horse going; the new hat was jerked into the roadway, Alexander Pinto's shout of warning came in vain, and the wheel passed over it.

Stunned by the disaster, Alexander Pinto set the wreck of it, all muddy, on his head, rode home, paid the cabman, and undressed in a dazed stupor. Then he set the hat on the dressing-table, set a candle beside it, and, gazing from his pillow at the monstrous deformity of that once fair shape, wept like a child.

I protest that the thought of the scene touches me, and I know not whether the picture of that poor, muddy, contorted hat, shining here and there with its old, black glory, or the picture of Alexander Pinto's proud face of an Austrian Bourbon relaxed to the softness of a weeping child's, bedewed with great tears glimmering dully in the candle-light, touches me the more.

He sobbed himself to sleep, but awoke the next morning in an heroic temper. Fired no longer by fulness of beans, but by desperation, he sought again his hatter, and awoke in him an equal horror with the sight of the shattered masterpiece. Horror made the hatter a man. He set on Alexander Pinto's head another new hat, and blocked the ruin to its former glossiness.

Alexander Pinto has now two new hats; but he tells the pathetic story of his tears in the most moving fashion.

EDGAR JEPSON.

## MUSKIN . SPEARING.

A VERY curious way of catching the common razor-fish (*Solenidae*), local muskin, is practised by the people living near the sands of Luce, in Galloway. The spear used for the purpose is about 2½ ft. long, having a barbed point and wooden handle. With this weapon many thousands of razor-fish are speared whenever the tide, time, and weather combined offer the opportunity of a good catch, which, however, is not often, only occurring twice a year, in spring and autumn, and not always then. The tide must be an extra low one, the time of day must be evening, the weather must be fine, and the wind northerly. These conditions are essential to a good haul. On a fine evening in early April, as the tide recedes, carts, carriages, and people on foot may be seen hurrying across the wet sands. The muskins are in thousands, and everyone is kept busy with his spear. An experienced hand will catch between 400 and 500 during the two hours that spearing is possible, a novice will catch not a single one during that time. The razor-fish never shows himself; a small depression in the sand is the only sign of his whereabouts, and into this hole the spear is thrust after gently feeling round to find the direction

in which the fish lies. Having found this, the muskin must be at once speared or he instantly retreats to the bottom of his hole, and once there it is impossible to take him out. The spear is directed so as to pass right through between the two sides of the shell; this done, it is turned by the hand and the fish drawn to the surface. It will readily be seen how difficult the spearing is, since one works, as it were, in the dark and underground. The most successful way is to walk backwards over the sand just in the water, then the muskin will often spout, showing the direction in which he lies. The people, however, from long practice, seem to know at once which way to direct their spear, seldom, if ever, making a bad shot, and catching the muskin near the surface before he has time to go down. These razor-fish are sold locally for 6d. to 1s. per 100. They can be eaten raw and alive, fried on toast, or boiled with sauce, but, raw or cooked, they are not first-class eating. Tastes, however, differ.



WALKING ACROSS THE SANDS.

economy, for those at least who live in the South of England, to buy foreign hay. North of the Midlands England has done better, but in the South the hay crop has been very deficient, and the deficiency, following a winter and spring in which it has been necessary to use more than the average quantity of hay for the feeding of stock that could find but little pasture to eat, has resulted, very naturally, in raising its price to a figure at which hay carried all the way from Canada begins to compete with native produce. There is, at the moment of writing, that is to say, in the first days of August, very little difference in the price, South of London, of native-grown and of imported hay,

the difference still standing rather in favour of the former, but being bound to swing a little to the other side before many weeks are gone. More than a little to that side it is not conceivable that it will swing. The rise in the price of native hay is bound to be checked by the foreign competitor, so that it is impossible to imagine that hay ever will reach the prices at which it stood some eight years ago, before transport was so quick and cheap. But the price is high enough. We do not wish to see it higher; and the question that is suggested is at what point it becomes desirable, for the sake of economy, and of advantage in other respects, to use the foreign-grown in preference to the home-grown hay.

In the matter of appearance there is really no comparison between the two. The home-grown appears infinitely the better. It is very much finer. About the foreign hay there is a coarse look, the result of a liberal admixture of thick-stemmed plants among the grass, that makes the whole bale very bad. Then the way that the stuff is packed, for ease of transport, shows it at its worst. The wire roping has to be taken off very scrupulously and carefully, for even if the stems of the plants are more coarse to look at, the wire is less digestible by horses or cows. And yet there is not the slightest doubt that the hay is a great deal better than it looks. The stock does well on it. The grasses seem to be coarse in fibre, the stems of the plants



A BUSY TIME.

## FOREIGN . HAY.

WE are not quite arrived there yet; but we are just coming to the point when it will be an





THE MUSKIN SPEARED.

to be thick and forest-like, but there is good stuff in it all. It is even very possible that the thick stems keep the goodness, the juices, the nutriment, better than the finer-fibred hay that we grow here. The foreign hay is better than it seems. The proof of the hay, as of the pudding, is in the eating; and this is a test that it stands uncommonly well. Both cattle and horses thrive on it. Sometimes they will show a great and patriotic distaste for it when first it is presented to them; but after hunger has made them put their teeth into a few mouthfuls of it they seem to find that there are sweet juices under the rather unpromising covering, and go to work on it with a will and with good effect on their constitutions. Certainly the hay will keep better than ours. Perhaps this is by reason of the manner of its packing. It is not a very important point, may be, in the view of the British consumer, but, so far as it goes, it is a point in its favour.

The most economical way of buying this hay is to get a truck-load at the port of entry, say Liverpool. For those who live on navigable rivers it is likely that transport on barges may be more economical than the rail carriage. But these are points of detail that must be determined by the circumstances of different localities. The important point is that the hay is good; and of this there is no question. Many years ago, before transport was as cheap as it is now, but when the hay crop at home was a failure to such an extent that even on the terms of transport in those days it was an economy to use foreign hay, the authorities tried it for the cavalry horses at Aldershot. There was a terrible outcry: the hay was the most horrible-looking stuff that ever was seen; the horses would die of it; and so on. But the horses did not die. On the contrary, they flourished and grew fat. There were those who were even heard to say that they did better on the hay imported than on the hay grown at home. Certainly that is the view of some of the racing trainers, who import American hay for American horses. But we may question whether this is just the same quality of hay that we buy in the general market. Race-horses are worthy of more than the common nutriment, and no one ever has cast a doubt on the merits of the blue grass of Kentucky. If it is stuff of this quality that they mean when they tell us light-heartedly that they are importing American hay, then of course the statement has to be accepted with all its necessary limitations. We shall not expect to find a like quality in the average bale of Canadian hay that we buy in the general market.

The truth is that the samples vary not a little. It is not a matter for wonder that the case should be as it is. Imagine the Canadian farmer doing his hay up into the bundles in which it is designed for sea-carriage. He picks up an armful. The stuff is coarse enough, according to our standards. The stems are thick—a little more or less in the thickness makes no difference—and in goes, to swell the bundle, a lot of rubbish, sticks, cabbage stalks, anything that you will. The temptation is great (it is like the small strawberries that the market woman covers up under all the best in the pottle); the bundle will not be opened

till a month or two hence in point of time, over 1,000 miles, perhaps many more, hence in point of space—a sin discovered at such a distance can hardly be said to be detected at all. In goes the bundle of all and sundry stuff, and the bundle is made up with the ordinary hay outside. This is the reason that the purchaser of the foreign hay occasionally finds himself with a packet of stuff that looks more as if it were designed for fire lighting than for cattle food. It is a surprise packet that always is found in the middle of the bundle, not on the outside. But even so it is very much the exception, and the great bulk of the Canadian hay, if coarse in appearance, is good and nourishing for stock to eat.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A BOOK to be heartily commended, particularly to architects, but also to all who love good building and old houses, is the volume modestly called by the authors—H. Inigo Triggs and Henry Tanner, jun.—“Some Architectural Works of Inigo Jones” (Batsford). It has for frontispiece a fine reproduced engraving after a celebrated Vandyck portrait, and the declared object of the book is “to exhibit in a series of drawings the existing architectural works of Inigo Jones, and, further, to illustrate from reliable sources some others which, though they have ceased to exist, are known to have been designed by him.” Most of these, as the Queen’s House, Greenwich, the Banqueting House at Whitehall, Raynham Hall Norfolk, Kirby Hall Northampton, Wilton House in Wiltshire, etc., are well known, and the expert description of them, accompanied by accurate and trustworthy drawings, cannot fail to be of great interest. A chronological list of architectural works by Inigo Jones has also been drawn up, and will be found of great service to students. Inigo Jones was the son of a clothworker living in Bartholomew the Less in West Smithfield, and was born on July 15th, 1573. His sisters, “Joan, Judith, and Marye,” were probably born in the parish of St. Benet, Paul’s Wharf. His visits to Italy, and his study of the art then prevalent there, are familiar, but the authors have worked out what is unquestionably the fullest and best biography of him extant. Altogether the book deserves to be described as the most masterly and comprehensive account of the great architect and his works that has as yet appeared in the English tongue. It is embellished with profuse illustrations—drawings in the text, plans, and plates—and practically exhausts the subject.

“The Wooing of Sheila” (Methuen), by Miss Grace Rhys, is an Irish story of exceptional merit and strength. We have not lately met with a more fascinating heroine than Sheila; her purity and tenderness, her kitenish grace and wilfulness are set before us with delicacy and spirit. This is a novel of character, however, and holds many interesting people, from the merry-tongued, natural, poor Mick-a-dandy, who made his home in the Bog of Gronna, to the hard old squire, John Power, who ruled Tallats with an iron hand. It is the making of his son, Michael Power, with which the book is chiefly concerned, however. Bullied, brow-beaten, and neglected by his father, whose only child he was, he was known in the neighbourhood as the “lout.” Old John Power lived daintily, as a gentleman should, dining at a well-appointed table, waited upon by liveried servants, while his son sweated in corduroys at the work of a farm labourer, and satisfied his hunger with half a loaf of bread, eaten on the hillside. We are introduced to the unhappy pair at the close of a hot summer’s day, in which Michael has been hard at work in the hay.

“I want to go to Gurt to-morrow, father,” said Michael.

“Do ye now?” answered the other.

“I’ve been working like a blind horse these ten days at the hay,” went on Michael. “There isn’t a man on the place done half what I have, and I’m the only one to go unpaid. I think ye ought to give me something, father,” he said, flushing a still deeper red beneath his sun-brown.

“Do ye now?” said his father.

“Damn!” said Michael, in a sudden fury.

“What’s that?” asked his father, quickly.

“I can’t stand it, father,” said Michael, choking. “I must go from the place, and God forgive ye. Ye’ve been a hard master to me. Ye’ve had my labour since I was ten years of age, and here I am at five-and-twenty without a penny, without liberty or education—no better than a day labourer.”

“Wait a bit, me buck!” said Power, leisurely. “I said nothing, did I? Take that face off ye, or out ye go. You don’t play the wild buffalo in here. You’ll thatch that rick to-morrow.”

Michael had no one to turn to, for the abject have no friends. He went out into the night with despair in his heart. The river seemed to mock him with its fretting voice, the stars above him flashed down derision at him. “There is no mind or kindness in it all,” he said to himself; “Christ and his saints—they are all asleep together. I will call on them no more. Brutal and ignorant I have been bred, and so I will die.” The singing of a small sweet voice roused him from his sullen passion, and at the end of the path he saw the faintly-outlined figure of a young maid. It was Sheila, and life began for Michael Power from that moment. A peasant maiden, reared in poverty and ignorance by a pious mother, whose idol she was, Sheila McBride exerted a wonderful influence over Michael Power that changed and ennobled and sweetened his whole life. It would be unfair to the authoress to sketch out all her story; we heartily recommend it to be read.

Mr. Marriott Watson is not a writer who has lived up to the early promise of his career, and “The Skirts of Happy Chance” (Methuen) illustrates the causes of his comparative failure. It is a collection of short stories without any visible connection, except that the chief personage in all of them is a certain Lord Francis Charmian, who is evidently meant to be presented as a type of the fastidious, frivolous dandy, but who in reality is a somewhat under-bred character, whose chief triumph consists in making a generous girl stranger lie to save him from the consequences of his intrusion into the business of other people. This theme may be interesting once in a way, but it is here repeated to the point of boredom. Indeed, the author’s chief lack is of fertile invention, so that the sketches weary by their sameness. The style may be described as Marriott Watson, out of Stevenson by Tristram Shandy, which is to say, that it is inherently bad, since Sterne is really inimitable. Instead of saying “she cried,” our author finds it clever to relate that “she went swiftly and unexpectedly into tears.” A distressed damsel is “most tragically convulsed with her present emotions.” Had a blue pencil been passed through every three

adjectives out of four the writing would have been vastly improved. The fun—or what is meant for fun—in the sketches consists of Lord Francis Charmion, under various disguises, making love to, and even kissing women previously unknown to him, and of whom nothing further is heard. It is romance as romance presents itself to the young mind of a draper's assistant.

Books of letters on conduct have gone out of fashion now, but they were very popular in the eighteenth century and the most remarkable of these published in England were "The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to his Son,"

thing we wish to teach the young people of to-day, and the editor, in our opinion, instead of so strenuously defending Lord Chesterfield, would have done well to base his partisanship purely and simply on the literary value of the book.

"Nobler than Revenge" (Long), by Miss Esmé Stuart, is a well-written story of a sensational type not unfrequently met with. We have the father coercing his daughter to an unwelcome marriage, himself coerced by a loud-voiced colonial adventurer whom we seem to have met several times lately in popular literature. We have the old family mansion with musty wings, and a secret chamber entered by a trap-door, which is the proper setting for such a tale. Ruby is a charming heroine, and Alec Beauworth gallant and true in the old-fashioned, sterling way; but Bob Rabbits, son of the drunken landlord of the Duck and Dog, is the hero of the book, and the most living figure in it. The tale is well managed, and the reader's interest is kept vigorously awake to the end.



M. Emil Frechon.

BOYS AND GIRLS GO OUT TO PLAY.

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of which Methuen and Co. have just issued what should prove a final edition, edited, with an introduction, by Charles Strachey, and annotated by Annette Calthorpe. As motto the two volumes have an extract from a letter written by Lord Chesterfield on March 19th, 1750, which deserves to be conned by every young man who is desirous of knowing the truth about reading. It is this: "Buy good books and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best if the editors are not blockheads." No advice could be sounder, although it, so to speak, drives a coach and four through the craze for early editions, which ought to be a monopoly of the collector and the bookworm. To the man who reads, not the first but the last editions are the most valuable. The saying is characteristic, not only of Lord Chesterfield, but of his time, and in appraising the value of the letters we must always take into account the characteristics of the age. Men in the eighteenth century, if we may judge from the books they read and the plays they witnessed, were not so intense and poetic as had been their progenitors of the seventeenth century. Fielding was called by Byron the prose Homer of his age, and how little poetry is there in his style! You think of him in his arm-chair reviewing with pleasant irony the pursuits and follies of his day, never dwelling on the mysteries of life, never seeking its intense and crucial moments. Smollett is a coarser mind in the same atmosphere, Defoe, Swift, Pope, all equally bereft of the true vision and faculty divine. In gauging the letters, therefore, Lord Chesterfield must be considered in his proper framework. It came natural for him to be a man of the world. And Mr. Charles Strachey's introduction, which takes the form of an *apologia*, was sorely needed. You have first of all in Chesterfield a man of the world, in temperament cold, keen, critical, and one who, as he had claimed no small licence for the gratification of his own desires, had an aristocratic disdain of humbug or pretence. He was not a philosopher like David Hume, who had deeply pondered the divine, but cherished a certain respect for religion as something which he valued in proportion as he had disregarded it, and his references to the subject are strictly conventional. Morals he could not possibly regard as other than arrangements to be modified whenever convenient; his aim is never to make a good, but only a successful, man. Of women he had a particularly low opinion, and in his heart probably regarded them much in the same light as the evolutionist in Lord Tennyson's poem, who rejoiced in "choice of women and of wine." This is not the sort of

## "LE SOLEIL."

LATELY I was in conversation with a Frenchman, who spoke English nearly perfectly, and he was saying to me what a pity it was that we English could not take a more "sunny" view of life. In his opinion the difference in disposition with regard to their pleasures between the Englishman and the Frenchman (a difference that we all admit, virtually) is all a matter of *le soleil*. He had visited England, it would appear, in a season of London fog, and he had restricted his visit virtually to the metropolis. He had seen, therefore, nothing, and though he knew, of course, with his intellectual and rational apprehension, that England had occasional gleams of sun, still I am quite sure that the word "England" appealed to his nerves, against his reason, as a land of ubiquitous and eternal London fogs—that is to say, he figured it to himself as the reverse of cheerful; in fact, distinctly depressing. It is no wonder, therefore, that he regarded the difference between the two nations, in their ways of taking their pleasures, as an affair of *le soleil*, almost exclusively. Now that, of course, is too much to say; but it is not too much to say that



M. Emil Frechon.

AS THEY DO IN FRANCE.

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the superior sunniness of France is a great factor in the fact that French people are so much more capable than the English of the enjoyments of life—of appreciating the simple pleasures.

Luckily English people are beginning to go more and more to French watering-places, and there they are beginning to learn, as it would seem, the very important art, that comes by nature to the French, of enjoying the good things of life, the



simple out of door good things of country and of seaside life. If we go to a French watering-place we are struck at once by the brighter notes of colour that it has to show us. The pageant on the beach, with its tents, nursemaids, boys, girls, old men, and maidens, is charming. We have a sense, that secretly adds to the charm of it (such hypocrites as English are apt to be!), that it is all rather wicked. In matter of fact it is all very simple, very innocent; it is the enjoyment of children; the enjoyment that the Englishman loses as he grows up, but the Frenchman keeps. Even the bathing together of the sexes, that has shocked Puritan morality so badly, is amusement of the most Arcadian innocence, and adds to the fun of the bathing immensely. It is almost necessary to go to France to enjoy sea-bathing, as it may be enjoyed, because of the fun and wholly innocent mirth that ensues when "Boys and girls go out to play." The water coming in on the sun-baked sands is as warm as in a tepid bath. It is not the stern cold business that we make of our sea-bathing. Possibly for this aspect of life the old Frenchman was right, and it is *le soleil* that makes all the difference.

## WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE.

August 12th.

### A HUMAN MIGRATION.

IF birds were "scientists," they would note that on or about the eleventh of August in each year a marked migration of the human species takes place northwards in the British Isles. Close observers would also record a simultaneous sporadic migration of male human beings to various secluded resorts in the South—for not a few men who ostentatiously disappear at this time from their clubs "for a fortnight on the moors" might be found putting in the time very quietly at Someville or other on-the-Sea, noted for its cheap boarding houses and its ozone. But these irregular migrants form no exception to the rule that for the British variety of the human species almost all mid-August instincts lead North, and almost all natural history is for a fortnight summed up in the one word "grouse." I should not be surprised, indeed, if this and immediately succeeding numbers of COUNTRY LIFE should actually contain pictures of grouse and moors and men shooting. So I will leave grouse and grouse topics austere alone.

### OTHER MIGRANTS?

And human grouse shooters are not our only migrants of middle August. The summer snipe have paid us a passing visit, and I have not seen a cuckoo for several weeks. This does not necessarily mean that all, but only most, or the cuckoos of this East Coast have gone, for hardly a day passed up to the third week in July that we did not see the birds. The swifts, again, appear to have been on the move for some time. About the first of August we had many more than our share of swifts, and they played a valiant part in the Feast of the Flying Ant on that day. After that, however, we saw none until the afternoon of the tenth, when there were again a large number, hawking high above the swallows and martins in the teeth of a strong west wind. The wind had been in the east and north for some days previously, and I rather think that the swifts had been traveling with it, but that when the west wind with its thunder-storms arose it carried many back to the East Coast. Hawks seem to be on the move, too, for though rare aves during summer in this "strictly preserved" country, the panic of small birds attracts our attention daily now to their cross of terror in the sky. The different tits have been congregating also into their winter parties, and yesterday there were a number of various kinds, including coal-tits, which we have not seen here during summer, and goldcrests, calling to one another all over the shrubberies.

### FOLLOWING THE HARVEST?

But it is easy to draw erroneous conclusions from the coincidence of accident. It may be on the long drought which brings birds together where water is plentiful; and the presence of hawks may be due to the clearing of the cornfields all around, giving them the clean sweep of wide stubbles, which must be peppered—to their bird's-eye view aloft—with small life of lark and finch, mouse and partridge. It may be, too, that the cutting of the corn, which disperses such myriads of mites to torment us, fills the air with filmy hosts of tiny things and brings back the swifts to the retarded harvest of our windswept uplands by the sea. How much the prevailing sea-winds hinder the ripening of grain was very plainly written on the landscape in July, each seaward slope still showing an under tint of dark green beneath the yellowing grain, while the next field

sloping landwards was all flaxen gold for harvest. You might even see, contrary to the rule of ordinary experience, a long strip of ripe grain growing under the shelter of a hedge while the rest of the field was still fringed with green; nay, so clean cut was the influence of the wind, that even this strip of ripe yellow would be cut by a bar of greenish hue opposite the gate, where the hedge's shelter was broken. So the birds aloft may see the wave of harvest spreading outward to the sea, and follow for the easy food with which this annual subversal of all things sprinkles the land and dusts the air for a day or two; and we, noticing their coming and going, prematurely count their movements as part of the great migration.

### SPECIAL VISITORS, WELCOME AND UNWELCOME.

Of course the great migration is only a similar following of the line of retreating food, aided, no doubt, by an inherited instinct which tells migrant species that with the north or east winds of autumn they must go. But you may see little annual migrations on all sides of you, as this or that crop comes on or



Richard N. Speaight, ALETHEA, DAUGHTER OF LADY BURGHCLERE. 178, Regent St.

fails. With us the ripening of the cornflower seeds always brings the goldfinches, and the opium-poppy pods the blue tits, while the godetia tempts the lesser red-poles. When the little harvest is over, they return to their usual haunts, but while they stay they add a charm to a garden. There are less welcome migrations, when the cherries bring the starlings, the green peas the hawfinches, or the walnuts the rooks, for there is a wholesale vulgarity in the orgies of these birds which chills your hospitality. But you are more than repaid by the dainty ways of the others for the eyesores which plants in seed become to those who like trim flower-beds. The butterfly fluttering of the goldfinch among the flowers is one of the prettiest things in English bird-life, while each blue tit on the tops of a poppy-stalk might be posing for an art-panel, and even the quaker-hued redpole is worth watching among the godetias. The acrobatic lightness of his skipping from seed-pod to seed-pod, the fussiness with which he turns back the valves at the top, like a schoolboy undoing the hamper from home, and the ruby glow of his crown as he buries his bill inside each compartment of the treasure-bag in

turn, are all the more pleasant to see because the redpole is so absurdly tame. I have known boys who shot them with catapults to stand back a little while aiming, lest the elastic of the catapult as well as the shot should hit the bird.

#### A WORD ABOUT WASPS.

Perhaps the advice comes a little late, but from the first of August onwards each day's delay in destroying known wasps' nests adds multitudes to the number of stealing, stinging, menacing wasps at large. A wasp community multiplies by "geometrical progression," and what was quite a small colony in June numbers its tens of thousands by the end of August. Far be it from me to say that wasps do no good. They kill millions of flies and grubs, perhaps within a quarter-mile radius of each nest, but they also make short work of a greenhouse full of grapes, and when they regard your breakfast-room as a house of call for jam and fruit syrup you see them under their less pleasing aspect. And during August they are emerging by the hundred daily in each nest.

#### ONE KILLED IN TIME SAVES MORE THAN NINE.

If you dig out a nest and look at the underside of one of the tiers of thousands of cells, you will find the outermost full of milk-white grubs poking their greedy heads—which look like maggot-tails—out for food. The next rings are also full of milk-white grubs, but these are covered with a new paper lid, because each grub has had his fill and is going to sleep. The rings inside these are full of the next stage of wasps, still milk-white, but they have shed or are shedding their maggot skins, and show the mummied outlines of the future wasp. The next rings are graduated darker and darker in hue, because the wasps inside are taking on the colour of the adult stage, and, looking still nearer to the centre, you will see some wasps tearing their way out of the cells and crawling out to let their wings expand. Soft they are still and very feeble, but already they give proof of their wasp-nature by the venomous vibration of the tail-points where they keep their stings. By the extent of the innermost circle of empty cells you may know how many hundred wasps have already emerged from that tier of cell's alone. So, if you do not like wasps, remember that throughout August each nest is a wholesale wasp manufactory in full blast and increasing its output daily.

E. K. R.

### NON-POLITICAL— "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty."

WHAT can it matter, sir, to me  
If from the Woolsack topples Halsbury,  
And that wide-minded man C.B.  
Sits in the seat of sated Salisbury?—  
For here, afar from all the strife  
Of contumelious politicians,  
I lounge at peace with COUNTRY LIFE,  
That most, most magic of magicians.  
And yet, meseems, stern Duty calls  
Across the garden's pleasant greenness—  
"If all the seed of Cecil falls  
And England comes on years of leanness?"  
No more upon your page I gloat!  
I drop my weed! bestir my senses!  
And conjugate the verb "to vote"  
In all its controversial tenses.  
A thousand shrubs about me close,  
The lawn winds on thro' banks of glory,  
O! while one smells a swinging rose  
How *can* one think of Rad or Tory?  
Above my head a robin grieves,  
And miles away loud London rages,  
Sweet zephyrs stir the bowing leaves  
And—flutter gently all your pages.  
So ere I've given Asquith place,  
With Labby, that great party wrecker,  
Set Morley dopper hordes to chase,  
Put Perks to govern the Exchequer—  
I light with joy a fresh cigar,  
Pick up the page inscribed to beauty,  
And with the Notes of "E. K. R."  
Silence the pestering call of Duty.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

### ON THE GREEN.

THEY had a goodish field for the Calcutta Cup at St. Andrews, and, it seems, good weather. Mr. Low was rightly complimented after his fine show against Mr. Hilton in the amateur championship, with the honourable penalty of two holes, and no one else was in a like honourably onerous position, although Mr. H. G. B. Ellis and Mr. Macfie were put one point behind scratch. Of scratch men there were several, and for a while both they and the penalised ones went strongly, so that it looked rather as if they were to go through the men who received odds. Wednesday, however, was a very fatal day for them. It was an easy day for golf, judging by the accounts, and that means a day relatively in favour of the less strong or less clever. There was an epidemic among the better players on that day. Mr. Macnair, receiving three, in successive rounds put out Mr. Ellis and Mr. Fowler, and Dr. Paton beat Mr. D. J. Lamb. Mr. Orr beat Mr. Low by four up and three to play, a decisive defeat that was a little surprising, seeing that these two had halved the match on the previous afternoon, whereby, according to the provisions of this tournament, both qualified for the next round. Mr. Orr was receiving one, that is to say three, from Mr. Low.

Mr. H. Wilson, receiving two, beat Mr. Macfie and Mr. W. E. Fairlie in successive rounds, so that the only scratch men who had not been knocked out were Mr. Edward Scratton and Mr. Shaw—a wonderful riddance, as the result of a single day's golf. The fifth round very nearly was the last for Mr. Shaw, for he barely escaped with his life by halving his match with Mr. Macnair, whereby both went on into the next round and met again, with the result that Mr. Macnair was beaten. Mr. Scratton, in the fifth round, nobly revenged the honour of the scratch player by beating Mr. Harold Wilson, who had knocked out two of them by no less than six up and five to play; but in the next heat he exemplified the extraordinary uncertainty of golf by going down before Mr. Orr, by the very same large number of holes, the conclusion being that Mr. Shaw, at scratch, and Mr. Orr, receiving one hole start, fought the final out between them. Almost at the start the former knocked off the one hole handicap against him, and had the better of the match throughout, which he won by three up and two to play. The tournament was held on the new course. The result goes to show yet again (for this is now the ninth occasion, out of seventeen competitions, that the Calcutta Cup has been won by a player starting from or behind scratch) how hard it is to give an inferior player a fair chance, without giving him an unfair good chance, against a stronger player in a match. The difference to be bridged is not merely the difference in skill and strength between them; there is also that incalculable factor of the "moral effect"—the effect of knowing that you are pitted against a stronger man, the effect of seeing yourself out-played at every turn of the game. It is an effect that is incalculable, because it differs so greatly with different temperaments. There is little doubt that the majority of matches being won by the scratch or penalised players is due to this moral effect even more than to their greater skill, for the handicap discounts the latter, but cannot be made to fit the former.

Sayers keeps up his game wonderfully at North Berwick. He gave a bad beating lately to the "best ball" of Mr. Robert Maxwell and Mr. Norman Hunter—a strong alliance, one would think. But the latter two, in partnership, had the better of Sayers and Mr. C. E. Morgan, though only at the last hole. Miss Rona Adair, the Irish champion lady, who was champion of all the ladies until this year, has been beaten by Miss Dorothy Campbell at North Berwick. The latter lady has all such advance as better knowledge of the course gives. But the Scottish ladies never have taken kindly to championship competitions. The Misses Whigham are an exception.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### THE CLOSE OF . . . THE POLO SEASON.

THE season which began so brilliantly closed with one of those tragedies which are inseparable from all manly games. There are, indeed, but few accidents at polo in proportion to the number of players. Naturally when they do happen they invite attention. There is something which appeals to the imagination with especial force in these fortunately rare polo catastrophes. In this case the tragedy is heightened by the youth of the player and the sympathy felt for his father, so well known on many polo grounds and in two famous hunts, the Meynell and the Quorn. The accident, which happened in a members' game at Rugby, brought the tournament to an untimely end, before the game had reached a point of much interest. There was, however, one match which deserves at least notice. This was the game between Wellington and Beauchamp Hall. This latter name is an *alias* for Mr. Mackey's team, he being the owner of the house so named. A close game was won by the superiority of the Wellington team both in combination and in the speed and handiness of their ponies. These advantages were almost neutralised by Mr. Rawlinson's brilliant play. What one man can do to win a polo match he did, and in the end Wellington won by a single goal only. The Warwickshire Tournament has so far been the best of the County Club tournaments, and the excellence of the games marks the general improvement in the standard of play which has been notable in all our polo this season, from members' games up to the Open Cup at Ranelagh or the Championship Tournament at Hurlingham. As we look back over the season which has now come to an end, we see that 1901 marks the final transition of polo from a military to a civilian pastime. There is no doubt that, making all allowances for the effects of the war on soldier's polo, the championship of the game lies with the civilians. The three best teams playing this season have been Rugby, the Old Cantabs, and the Old Marlburians. No team of soldiers would defeat these teams if they were in form. What is the reason of this? It is not the absence in South Africa of noted players from among the soldiers because it would not be possible, if we could pick from the whole Army, to find a team which could make much of a show against Rugby or the Old Cantabs. Of course it would be said at once that the civilians have all the best ponies. This is partly true, but chiefly because the best civilian players spend money on buying made ponies. Then it would be argued that soldiers have not the money to spend, as a rule. But they have, or should have, the skill to school their ponies and the judgment to buy them. In fact, there are nowadays no ponies so badly schooled or trained as the ponies of our soldier players. Regimental teams have not yet grasped the fact that a pony needs a far more elaborate schooling than it obtains at present from most players. India has taught us much, but no doubt the natural handiness and docility of the Eastern pony has tended to make Indian players careless. To buy a pony one day and play him the next was no uncommon thing in the Punjab. The Patiala, Dholapore, Jodhpore, and Durham Light Infantry teams were wonderful players, but it would be difficult to say how much they owed to the elaborate and thorough teaching given to their ponies. Not everyone, by any means, can make a polo pony, but a cavalry regiment must generally have one or two men who can do so. The immense advantage of the trained pony in modern polo, an advantage which cannot be neutralised by skill in the opposing players or mere speed in their ponies, is one of the lessons of this year's polo. The Rugby team have, as an interesting table in "Polo at Home and Abroad" shows, beaten every possible combination this season. Putting the reasons of their success briefly, it depends on the unity of the team and on the handiness of their ponies. But the importance of handy ponies is now so established an idea in the minds of polo players that the stamp of pony is changing in consequence. A year or two back there was a rage for speed. Thorough-bred dwarfs were the fashion. Now only one first-rate player, Lord Shrewsbury, affects them. In Mr. Miller's stable there is scarcely a single one of this sort left. Mr. Jones, who keeps nothing but the



very best, has sold Little Fairy recently. This is a significant fact, for this chestnut mare was probably the best "long tail" that ever played in a tournament. Height, too, is of less importance. A compact, powerful, weighty, but not big pony (in the sense of mere height), is what is desired. Of the best of the ponies I have seen lately, nearly every one could carry 14st. to hounds. But the modern polo pony, big and strong as he is, is more of a pony nowadays in the sense that he often shows traces of pony blood. This is a most important change, as there are not wanting signs that this kind of pony can, by a judicious blending of Arab, English pony, and thorough-bred blood, be bred in fair numbers.

Lastly, the season of 1901 has taught us the importance in modern polo of

a good back, at the same time that we have had an object-lesson as to what a No. 4 should be from Mr. Charles Miller of Rugby. In my opinion he is on the whole the best No. 4 I have ever seen. He is reliable, he can hit his back-handers hard enough, and he is quick on the ball. He has that same gift which we admire in a man when we say he is a quick man to hounds. That is, he sees his chance and takes it all in one motion. Thought and action are continuous, without that short pause which so often loses us our chance.

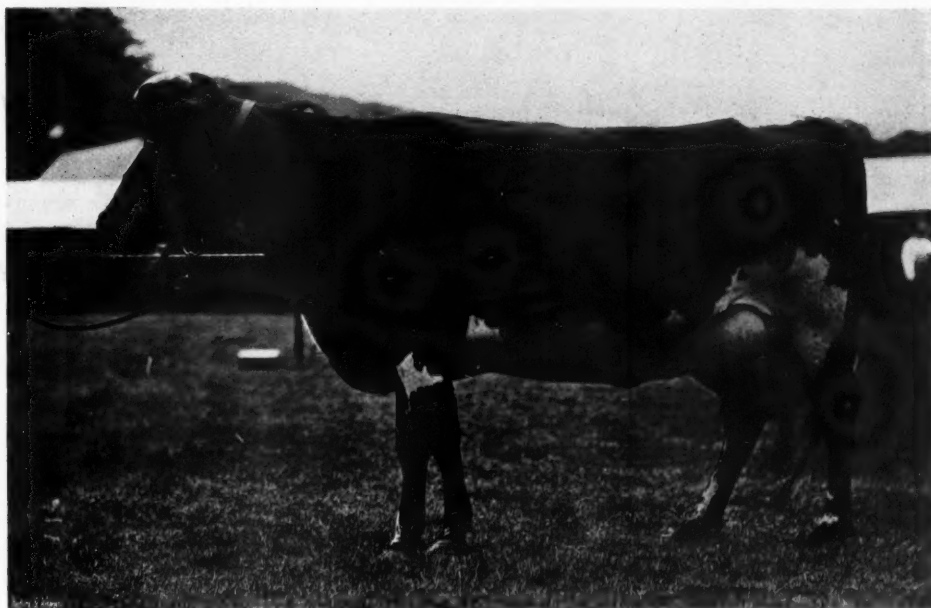
Thus we close our polo notes feeling that the season of 1901 is memorable for three things: (1) The final establishment of polo as a civilian game; (2) A change in the type of pony; (3) The triumph of the Rugby style of combined play on handy ponies.

## THE TRING SHOW.

LORD ROTHSCHILD'S lovely park never looked more beautiful than on Thursday in last week, when the annual great agricultural event of the year, so far as that part of the country is concerned, namely, Tring Show, was held under exceptionally favourable conditions as regards the weather. The attendance of the public was enormous, but there were plenty of attractions to repay those who came from long distances for the journey, for although the cattle classes were rather shorter than they were twelve months ago, the quality of the entry has never been surpassed, whilst the horses were a record entry, and the famous sheepdog trials have never been more exciting than they were on Thursday. Consequently it may conscientiously be observed that no better show has ever been held at Tring, whilst the management and the arrangements made for the comfort of visitors and exhibits, as is always the case here, were models for imitation at more pretentious exhibitions of the kind.

Attention to matters of detail is particularly appreciated at a show which, as in the case of the Tring gathering, lays itself out especially for the encouragement of the highest branches of dairying, and therefore the Tring trials have come to be regarded as some of the most important of those held throughout the year. Upon the present occasion the milking trials and the butter test were fought out with the greatest keenness, and as the results will probably have some bearing upon the future, they are given in full at the end of the article.

Included in the list of winners are several well-known animals, the first prize in the butter test and second honours in the milking trials falling to Captain Smith-Neill's celebrated Jersey, Tuddies Queen, who distinguished herself at



J. T. Newman.

SHORTHORN COW, TREFOIL.

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the Dairy Show at Islington, whilst Lord Rayleigh's shorthorn, Trefoil, who is also a subject of illustration, is credited with an almost equally great performance.

The shorthorn classes were excellent, Captain Duncombe securing premier honours with Warrior Queen, the recent winner at the great Yorkshire Show, though Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P., supplied a very good second in Red Rose. Jerseys, as is invariably the case here, made a great show, the Duke of Marlborough winning in cows with Granite V., who had only been out before at Cheltenham, with Mrs. M'Intosh's Emmeline, a comparatively recent importation from the island, but a well-known winner for all that, second.

The horses were good classes all through, Captain Duncombe taking the best of the stallion prizes with Waresley Harold, whilst Sir Walter Gilbey was well ahead in the brood mares with the celebrated Whitstone Talent, whose filly foal was awarded the prize for the best youngster of her sex present. A very lovely filly, too, is Messrs. Thompson's three year old, Desford Flower, who won in her class with something to spare from Mr. Smith Carrington's Blackmore Belle and Sir Walter Gilbey's Fenland Lady. The chief prizes in the hunter section fell to Mr. J. Drage and Mr. J. H. Stokes, the former winning in heavy weights with his brown gelding, which is very nearly good enough to deserve a name, whilst Mr. Stokes scored in the light weights with Query, a wonderfully breedy-looking bay, and was also second in the heavy weights with the powerful, fine-actioned Exchange, Mr. H. Cory being reserve in both classes with St. Doneraile and St. Donats. The harness classes were the means of attracting many well-known winners, whose performances have been so recent as not to demand renewed attention; whilst the donkey, goat, and sheep classes



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JERSEY COW, TUDDIES QUEEN.

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JUDGING DONKEYS IN HARNESS.

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were all most interesting. Indeed, Tring is a model one-day show, and a credit to all concerned in its success.

MILKING TRIALS.

Cows of any breed or cross, not exceeding 900lb. live weight.				
	Days in milk.	Yield of milk. lb. oz.		Points.
First prize, £20, to Mr. Mutton's Primrose Day ...	67	49 14		52.57
Second prize, £15, to Captain Smith-Neill's Tuddies Queen ...	67	47 1		49.76
Third prize, £10, to the Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith's Lorna ...	187	37 2		49.12
Fourth prize, £5, to the Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith's Dahlia ...	136	36 10		46.22
Cows of any breed or cross, exceeding 900lb. live weight.				
First prize, £20, to Lord Rayleigh's Trefoil ...	79	72 10		76.52
Second prize, £15, to Mr. Nisbet's Lady ...	59	58 10		60.52
Third prize, £10, to Mr. Spencer's Model Mary ...	11	59 6		59.37
Fourth prize, £5, to Mr. Bonest's Buttercup ...	30	54 12		54.75

BUTTER TEST.

Cows of any breed or cross, not exceeding 900lb. live weight.				
	Days in milk.	Yield of milk. lb. oz.	Butter. lb. oz.	Points.
First prize, £20, to Captain Smith-Neill's Tuddies Queen ...	67	47 1	2 11 1/2	45.95
Second prize, £15, to Viscount Enfield's Gloaming 4th ...	130	34 11	2 2	43.00
Third prize, £10, to Mr. Mutton's Primrose Day ...	67	49 14	2 7 1/4	42.45
Fourth prize, £5, to Mr. Corbett's Em ...	125	31 9	1 15	39.50
Cows of any breed or cross, exceeding 900lb. live weight.				
First prize, £20, to Mr. Nisbet's Lady ...	59	58 10	3 6	55.90
Second prize, £15, to Dr. Watney's Lady of the Sunny Isles ...	125	45 6	2 5 1/2	46.25
Third prize, £10, to Lord Rayleigh's Trefoil ...	79	72 10	2 9 1/2	45.40
Fourth prize, £5, to Mr. Mutton's Miss Lucy 2nd ...	156	41 4	2 1 1/2	44.85

THE ENGLISH JERSEY CATTLE SOCIETY'S MEDALS FOR THE THREE

BEST JERSEYS IN THE LIST.

Gold medal and £10, to Dr. Watney's Lady of the Sunny Isles.  
Silver medal and £5, to Captain Smith-Neill's Tuddies Queen.  
Bronze medal and £3, to Mr. Mutton's Miss Lucy 2nd.  
Special prize of £1 to the best Jersey that wins a medal, prize, or certificate of merit in the test, awarded to Mr. Corbett's Em.

LITERARY NOTES.

ACYNICAL author has advised all young writers to use a preface, and this for the following very cogent reasons. Your preface ought to be a summary of the matter, and only a very little ingenuity is required to ensure that it will form at least one favourable review of the book. But it is likely to do more than that. The writer of book notices was called indolent by a great poet, who meant that he criticised the books without reading them. Probably the poet did not know that even in many great morning papers the reviewing is done on contract; usually the man has a salary for it, and has got to say what he can of the miscellaneous stream of volumes constantly flowing from the publishers. It is quite impossible that he should be an expert on all the subjects. For instance, I collected a little heap of books to make the subject of this article. They may be accepted as typical of what comes into an editor's office, since I took them up only because they happened to be lying on the table. I find on closer inspection that there is an English classic reprinted, two gardening books, one on fish culture, one on education, a study in literature, something about Nature, and a bundle of novels. Now, suppose I were inclined to play the wiseacre and write with an air of authority on all these subjects—of most of which I am densely ignorant—how would it be accomplished? Why, by glancing at the prefaces. Only the very young critic would dream of taking so miscellaneous an assortment of books and grinding up each subject even to a superficial extent. The old Parliamentary hand can pick out enough at a glance to suggest the few

remarks he cares to make. If a preface saves him further trouble by summarising what the author has to say, so much the better. Hence arises the importance of a good preface. I know from experience that about three-fourths of the notices of my own books have been compiled from the preface, the remaining twenty-five per cent. have been done more or less carefully by experts, or at any rate by able and conscientious journalists.

What set me thinking about prefaces was a very affecting and manly one in the first of the volumes I happened to pick up, viz., "Flowers and Gardens," by Forbes Watson (Lane). It consists of little more than twenty lines, and the author, when writing it, was aware that his "last illness" had come upon him. In fact we are told by Mr. Paton that "the pen fell from the hand of my friend when he had written the foregoing lines. Within two days he was taken home to his Father's House." What interested me still more is that the most prominent characteristic of this

writer is described as "unsparing truthfulness." Now, consciously fronting the portal of death, able to think and speak calmly of the final scene, is it not most interesting to know what thoughts dominated this young, candid, sincere man? Some, perhaps, will be disappointed, because there is no affecting speech in his valediction. He regrets that "in the primrose I have only been able to make out satisfactorily the drooping aspect of the leaf. How this combines itself with the most rigid character in the different stages of the leaf I do not fully understand." He owes a debt to Ruskin, tells us the papers are left in charge of a friend, and so good-night, even as a traveller by some midnight express talks about horses and dogs and how the roses have to be trained over the garden gate till the guard's whistle is heard and the train moves out of the station.

Concerning the book itself I am not inclined to say very much, especially as this is a second edition very carefully edited by Canon Ellacombe. Forbes Watson was born in 1840 and died in 1869, so that he felt the full force of Ruskin's influence. Like Ruskin, he performed a great service in turning people away from the ugly ideals of the early Victorian era, but to us of this date his gardening seems a little speckled; he did not appreciate harmonies as much as he might, seemed indeed to prefer contrasts, and had very limited ideas of massing. He was more a botanist than a gardener, and loved the individual flower too much to see that for the gardener it is but a means towards producing an effect. As a sample of the sort of work he did best, let me quote this about the narcissus: "But wherein lies the special attractiveness of this narcissus? Is it not in the exquisite way in which cold and heat are brought together there, the former of course predominating; in the blending of that scarlet fire and rich delicious fragrance—all fragrance, as I have said, being indicative of warmth—with the snowy coolness and purity. . . . In its general expression the narcissus seems a type of maiden purity and beauty, yet warmed by a love-breathing fragrance. And then what innocence in the large soft eye which few can rival among the whole tribe of flowers. The narrow yet vivid fringe of red, so clearly seen against the whiteness, suggests again the idea of purity enshrining passion—purity with a heart which can kindle into fire." It is pretty writing in a way, but misses the salient fact that the appeal of a flower is purely sensuous. The author, like Landseer with his dogs, humanises too much.

From flower growing to fish breeding looks something of a jump, but the two are at least alike in being country pursuits, though one is merely for the eye and the other for sport and table. In our pages, however, the importance of stocking both river and sea has often been insisted on; and, therefore, one is inclined to extend a very hearty welcome to Mr. Walker's book on "Amateur Fish Culture" (Constable). His aim has been to provide simple, practical instruction for those who are not able to work on a large scale, but aim only at stocking the river or pond in their own grounds. It is a brief, sound little manual, that will serve the purpose of those whose ambition does not soar too high.

A book has been lying on my table for some time, called "Dogs' Tails Wagged by John Lloyd Price," and the reason of its not having been noticed before is that it has a hideous picture on the cover—a very ugly dog, in cap, jersey, trousers, and boots, and a tinted abomination to boot. Now, the inside is not nearly so silly as this tawdry picture seems to indicate, and I think it a pity that the author should have allowed his volume to be so shamefully defaced. There is neither wit nor humour in putting a man's clothes on a dog; such devices are common to every hack who provides pictures for the scrappiest and most vulgar of weekly papers. A truer humour would rejoice in the far more difficult task of seeing and trying to reproduce what is really funny in the natural dog, just as a first-rate caricaturist would scorn to resort to a device so stale as that of putting the head of a politician on the body of an animal. But even the title, "Tails Wagged by," is written with the wit of a ninth-rate music-hall artist.

Many of my readers will, I am sure, be very glad to know that Dr. Gerald Leighton, whose contributions on reptile-life are so cordially received by them, has written a book on British serpents, which is to be published shortly by Blackwood. The subject is one that is very imperfectly understood, and concerning which many idle legends are in circulation, while most of the really authoritative books are exceedingly dry, and bear obvious traces of Museum dust. Dr. Leighton is, above all, an open-air naturalist, and I anticipate from him a vivid study of these creatures in their haunts and amid their natural surroundings.

One never seems to weary of a good old ballad, and in that excellent publication, which every patriot ought to have, "Britannia's Bulwarks," I have been reading with great pleasure a nameless balladist's account of the taking of the first Lion. That was the name of a ship fitted out in Scotland in 1511, just two years before Flodden, of which, indeed, it was a preliminary, and captained by that famous seaman, Sir Andrew Barton. It cruised, more or less piratically, up and down the North Sea, from the Feroes to Berwick Law, and ultimately Lord Howard was sent out to effect its capture. The death of Sir



Andrew is so fine an example of the strong, simple art of the ballad-maker that I cannot forbear reprinting the verses describing it :

"Come hither, Horseley," says my lord,  
 "And looke your shaft that itt go right,  
 Shoot a good shott in time of need,  
 And for it thou shalt be made knight."  
 "Ple shoot my best," quoth Horseley, then,  
 "Your honnour shall see with what might and main,  
 But if I were hanged at your mainmast,  
 I have now left but arrowes twaine."  
 "Sir Andrewe he did swarve the tree,  
 With right good will he swarved it then,  
 Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,  
 But the arrow bounded back agen.  
 Then Horseley spied a privye place,  
 With a perfect ee, in a secrete part,  
 Under the spo'e of his right arme,  
 He smote Sir Andrewe in the heart.  
 "Fight on, my men," Sir Andrewe sayes,  
 "A little I'me hurt, but yett not slaine,  
 I'll but lye downe and bleede a while  
 And then I'll rise, and fight againe.  
 Fight on, my men," Sir Andrewe sayes,  
 "And never flinch before foe,  
 And stand fast, by St. Andrewe's Crosse,  
 Until you heare my whistle blowe."  
 "They never heard his whistle blowe—  
 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread.  
 Then Horseley sayed, 'Aboard, my lord!  
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.'  
 They boarded then his noble shipp,  
 They boarded it with might and main,  
 Eighteen score Scots alive they found,  
 The rest were either maimed or slaine."

Books to order from the library :

"Tristram of Blent." Anthony Hope. (Murray.)  
 "Armenia." H. F. B. Lynch. (Longmans.)  
 "Women must Weep." Sarah Tytler. (Long.)  
 "Four-leaved Clover." Maxwell Grey. (Heinemann.) ON-LOOKER.

## A SOUTH AFRICAN . . . . . . "SPRING HARE."

A REGIMENT recently returned from the front brought back quite a new pet, new, that is, to English eyes, for it is common enough in Cape Colony. It was a "spring haas," or jumping hare, to use the English name and abolish the Taal. It is rather a remarkable beast, with no near relations, another "Animal Odd Volume," like the kinkajou. It is a rodent, with the usual rodent teeth, like a hare's or a rat's, but it is built just like a kangaroo. Like a kangaroo, it travels by a series of extraordinary bounds, and is quite as hard to shoot as an ordinary hare. There are several kinds of the latter in South Africa, but only one jumping hare in the world. A full-grown one is about 20 in. long from the nose to the root of the tail, and the tail is longer still. When it is bounding along, the tail is carried upright like a flag, not trailing behind it. It lives in colonies, in very deep, complex burrows, from which it can often be bolted,



J. S. Bonn. A NEW REGIMENTAL PET. Copyright

by pouring water down. It has the Boer dislike to this fluid applied externally. It is as destructive to crops as a rabbit. Clover, grass, and vegetables are bitten down short and devoured, both green and ripe. The flesh is, consequently, very good eating indeed. Jumping hares are only seen about in the evening, and prefer to be abroad at night; consequently, as they stay in the burrows by day, they are difficult to shoot. Colonial boys—boys,

we mean, in the English sense, not Kaffir—have good sport in shooting them by the aid of the light thrown by a bicycle lamp at night. The lamp is carried in the left hand, and the light is reflected by the eyes of the jumping hare; the hares are as bold at night, when man is about, as most nocturnal beasts are, which know well that we cannot see them. The gun is then aimed across the left forearm, and the hare potted. This is capital fun unless you shine the light in someone else's eyes, also out hare-shooting, and pot him by mistake. C. J. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SACRED FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying kodak photograph was taken at the Ching Lien Ssu (clear flowing water) Monastery, Hangchow, China. The monastery was founded A.D. 479, during the reign of Chien Yuan, the first Emperor of the Chi dynasty, by a bonze named San Chao. In one of the courts of the monastery there is a pond known as the "Jadestone Well," part of which is depicted in the



photograph. The fish are mostly of the carp species, and many of them of great size and age; they are extraordinarily fearless, and are fed by the priests and visitors to the monastery, who consider them to be sacred. There was bright sunlight on the water when the photograph was taken, and the kodak was, say, 4 ft. above the surface of the pond.—F. AYSOUGH.

### FISH TRAPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly inform us through your columns how to make a simple fish trap, suitable for supplying a family with fish, and that can be operated by one man in a tidal river, either with or without a boat. Illustrations showing the gates, or whatever arrangement is necessary to prevent the fish leaving after entering the trap, will be acceptable. Fishing with a line is not always successful; even the most patient fishermen often fail to catch any fish, and there is always a great difficulty in getting suitable bait. In the daytime we use mud prawns, the labour of digging which is very great, and the natives can seldom be induced to do it for you. At night we use either cuttle-fish or cat-fish (octopus); the supply of both these is very limited. The water in our rivers is always rather muddy; you can seldom see the bottom where it is more than 4 ft. or 5 ft. deep. The best method of baiting the trap or of attracting the fish will greatly oblige.—G. B., Grahamstown, South Africa.

[In all probability, by far your best engine would be a pocket net. A pocket net means a net with two walls, the two walls lying in close contact with each other. The net that compasses the one wall is of a wide mesh, such as commonly will let through fish of the size that you expect to catch. The other net, which should be made rather larger than the first, so as to lie more loosely, is of smaller mesh, small enough to catch the fish you want to take. The net is set vertically in any likely place, and the principle of its working is that the fish, coming along, strike the small-meshed net, push at it till they drive a bag or "pocket" of it through the big-meshed net, and there lie pocketed. It is therefore useful to try to find out from which side of the net the fish are more likely to approach it, and to set the small-meshed net towards that side. Generally it is set right across stream, for fish moving in the line of the current. It requires weights, varying according to the strength of the stream, along its bottom edge, and floats along the top edge, to keep it something like vertical. You can, of course, if you wish, have a rope to land to moor it, or you may trust to mooring it to a big stone or something thrown into the stream. There are other fish traps. It is a little difficult to give full advice without knowing the form of the river and the kind of fish you aim to catch. Modifications of the eel trap, which fish can push their way into but cannot get back from, on the principle of the rat trap, are useful in places, and there are other kinds, but we think the pocket net the most likely to be serviceable to you. You might, perhaps, find a form of the old-fashioned "stew," made by boarding in a small area of the river like a big box or small room, useful. Trap-doors are left open on the riverward sides of the "stew," by which the fish can enter. The place is kept constantly supplied with food. When you want to catch the fish, you let the trap-doors down, by releasing from the bank the cord that held them up, and then you can go to work with a landing net on the fish enclosed. Tread gently as you approach the "stew" before releasing the trap-doors, for fish are very sensitive to vibration. You may lay a plank across the "stew" for stepping on to net the fish.—ED.]

## THE LARGE COPPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in COUNTRY LIFE of July 20th last, signed "Mary G. Gower," in which the writer stated that "during a drive to Coniston Lake we were fortunate enough to see a Large Copper butterfly." Surely the writer must have been mistaken? The Large Copper (*Poliommatus hippocoe*) has been extinct in the United Kingdom for more than fifty years, and was entirely confined to certain fens in Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and—possibly—Norfolk. Its principal localities were near Vaxley, Holme Fen, and Whittlesea Mere, in Huntingdonshire. It disappeared from Cambridgeshire about the year 1845, and the latest capture was made in Huntingdonshire in 1847 or 1848. Considering the habits of the species and its food plants, it is improbable that it ever occurred in Lancashire or in any part of the country except the fen districts of East Anglia.—HERBERT GOSS.

## A FRUIT SELECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I much desire a selection of all kinds of fruit—apples, pears, bush fruits, etc.—for my garden, and I was strongly advised to write you about the matter. It may be early to ask, but I wish to get the trees in in good time. Probably such a selection will be helpful to other readers who may be contemplating planting a fruit garden. I want about half-a-dozen of each kind of fruit. The soil is good.—B., Middlesex.

[This letter is very vague, but as our correspondent simply asks for a selection of fruits, we give this, in the hope that it may also be useful to others. Of dessert apples, choose Irish Peach, ripe in August; Ribston Pippin, but do not plant it in wet soils; Kinz of the Pippins, a very free-bearing variety; Cox's Orange Pippin, Cockle Pippin, and Blenheim Orange. Get the trees on the Paradise stock. Of cooking apples, choose the following trees on same stock: Frogmore Prolific, Warner's King, Lane's Prince Albert, Sanderlingham, Bramley's Seedling, and Wellington. Dessert pears: Doyenne d'Ete, Williams's Bon Chrétien, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Marie Louise, Doyenne du Comice, Winter Nelis, and Thompson's. All the fruits in this selection ripen in the order named. If you wish for a cooking pear—we mean for stewing—Catillac is as good as any. Of dessert plums, Early Favourite, the Greengage, Jefferson, and Cree's Golden Drop are good; and of cooking plums, Pond's Seedling, Magnum Bonum, and, of course, the free-cropping Victoria. Peaches: Hale's Early, Stirling Castle, Princess of Wales, and Violet Hâtive. Nectarines: Early Rivers', Elruge, and Lord Napier. Cherries: Early Rivers', May Duke, Governor Wood, and, of course, Morello on a north wall. Strawberries: Royal Sovereign, La Grosse Sucrée, and Latest of All. Gooseberries: Warrington, Red Champagne, and Whinham's Industry. Raspberries: Superlative, Yellow Antwerp, and, if you care for yellow-coloured fruits, Belle de Fontenay for autumn fruiting. Currants: Of white, choose White Dutch; of black, Lee's Prolific or Carter's Champion; of red, the Red Dutch and La Constante. We have given you a restricted list; of course, it may be considerably extended if so desired, but we strongly advise you not to have too many kinds. Remember also how important it is to find out the kinds that succeed well in the neighbourhood. If, for example, Wellington apple is generally a success in your district, make a note of it, and any varieties that have proved failures reject. In this way you profit by the experience of others. If you desire any further information, we shall be pleased to assist you. Are you quite a beginner at fruit growing? If so, you should get some good book to help you. Try "Gardening for Beginners," published from this office. Th's very cheap work, for its wealth of information, will be a handy guide to you. But perhaps you know sufficient about the subject not to need a guide.—ED.]

## STRAWBERRIES GROWN IN BARRELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have heard so much about the advantages, and otherwise, of growing strawberries in barrels, that I should be greatly pleased if you would kindly give me some information about this method of culture. There is no doubt that the system wants thoroughly explaining. Some of my friends declare it is a mere fad, but I have heard good reports of this way of growing strawberries.—F. A.

[Much nonsense has undoubtedly been written about growing strawberries in barrels. There is something in it, and to those who have little or no garden space it is certainly important. We believe it is an American idea, and has the merit of novelty. The fruit ripens rather earlier than the crop out of doors, and it is a good way to get a few early fruits, the quantity, of course, depending upon the number of barrels used. The best position for the tubs is a sunny corner, say against a greenhouse, where, sheltered from cold winds, the fruit is developed as rapidly as possible. Mr. Taylor wrote some time ago in COUNTRY LIFE that strawberries in barrels had with him proved quite a success. They had "produced an abundance of excellent fruit, which, being kept from the ground and freely exposed to the influence of sun and air, was all that could be wished in the matter of appearance and flavour." There are three tiers of holes in each

barrel, six holes in a tier, and the plants are put in at the same time as the barrel is filled with loam, this being done about the month of February. The top is also planted, and the necessary watering of the plants is done from overhead. By growing strawberries in this way the fruit is not soiled, and can be readily protected. Our correspondent plants in February, but we should have thought this season was the best. Those who intend to grow strawberries thus must have very strong plants to begin with, specially selected, and of vigorous kinds, such as Royal Sovereign, President, and Vicomtesse Héricart de Thury. These make a large growth, and the holes for them should be quite 5 in. or 6 in. across; about half that width is sufficient for those of smaller growth, such as Frogmore Pine. Remember how important it is to thoroughly drain the soil, which otherwise would get quite sour. In some cases three 4 in. boards are fastened together in the centre of the tub, with holes bored in them, but filled with hay. This ensures a sweeter condition of the soil, as water passes away readily. Put drainage in the bottom of the barrels, make the soil firm, and at the time of the fruit swelling weak liquid manure will be helpful. The barrels should be raised a few inches from the ground, and it is very easy to turn them about so that the plants receive an equal share of light.—ED.]

## HIDALGOA WERCKLEI AND LOTUS PELIORYNCHUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you be good enough to give the proper treatment for two plants, Hidalgoa Wercklei and Lotus, a plant to grow in a basket, the flowers scarlet, pea-like, in groups of three. Any information about these two plants will be welcomed.—Mrs. F.

[Hidalgoa is a most interesting plant, figured in the Garden for October 6th, 1900, page 269, and there described. It is a dahlia-like plant, with scarlet flowers, free-growing, a climber, and for which we are indebted to Mr. J. L. Childs, a well-known American nurseryman. Childsia Wercklei was, we believe, its first name. This Hidalgoa was discovered by M. Carlo Wercklei, in 1898, on a mountain in Costa Rica, and is a self-supporting climber, attaching itself to any slender object by twisting the petiole of the leaf round it. The leaves are abundant, bright green in colour, and quite ornamental. The flowers are about 2½ in. across. Like most of its allies, it is readily propagated by cuttings under glass. In the temperate house at Kew it clothes one of the pillars to a height of 15 ft. to 20 ft., and during the summer, when in flower, attracts much attention. The Lotus you mean is probably *L. Bertholetii*, formerly called *L. peliorynchus*. It is an excellent basket plant, with its quite greyish leaves and scarlet pea-like flowers. This comes from the Cape Verde Islands. We have never grown it ourselves, but know that it makes a free growth, its leafy shoots hanging down for a considerable distance. It enjoys a peaty soil, may be propagated by cuttings or division, and likes a warm greenhouse. When in full bloom it is very brilliant.—ED.]

## A FIREPLACE IN KING ALFRED'S COUNTY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Those interested in the millenary celebration of King Alfred may be pleased to see the fine ancient fireplace a photograph of which is enclosed. It is from one of the cottages near Langport belonging to Messrs. Kelway and Son. Langport stands on the upper waters of the rivers which unite to form the fen in which Athelney was situated. The whole neighbourhood is full of associations connected with the early history of England, though the drainage of what was a great fen on the Bridgwater flats and the reclamation or drying up of the ancient mere at Glastonbury must have much altered the appearance of the landscape. Wedmore, where Alfred is said to have had a palace, and after which the peace he made with the Danes is named, stands in the same county, towards the coast, between the rivers flowing respectively from Glastonbury and Wells into the Bristol Channel. The fireplace cannot claim equal antiquity with that at which the famous cakes were baked, but the mantelpiece is very fine, and probably quite as old as the reign of Edward III. The fitting in with brick and an iron range is of course modern.—ANGLO-SAXON.

## FILTRATION GUTTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if your correspondent Dr. Poore would care to offer any suggestions to meet my case. We have a new fit out of drainage, hot and cold water, etc. The inlet to cesspool is 6 ft. below surface, so I cannot get an overflow. We have to be continually pumping the cesspool out, and it is not always easy to dispose of the liquid. Could I fit the perforated channels to pantry and scullery? There is a deep stone drain which runs round the house, also to bath. Could I pump the contents of cesspool into a similar channel made rather longer?—G. F. E.

[We forwarded our correspondent's letter to Dr. Poore, who replies: "I do not advise the use of filtration gutters for fluids which have putrefied and are more or less foul and slimy. Waste fluids should be got rid of before putrefaction sets in. It might be possible to strain and filter the waste from scullery and pantry. The bath waste might be diverted from the cesspool. The emptying of the cesspool would then recur less frequently. Without a full knowledge of the circumstances it is impossible to give reliable advice.—G. V. P."—ED.]